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# Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 8, 1979

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The third week in December is always a hectic, if festive, one for Herman Weiskopf and his family. In addition to Christmas, Herm and his wife JoAnn celebrate their wedding anniversary (this year's was the 22nd) and the birthdays of two of their four children, Lydia, 18, and Joshua, two. The third week in December is also rather hectic, and festive, for college basketball teams, as BASKETBALL'S WEEK (page 35), which Weiskopf writes, will attest. Because of an accelerated holiday closing schedule, and with a score of holiday tournaments being held across the country, Weiskopf had to run a fast break on his typewriter last week. But even with the rush, he considers BASKETBALL'S WEEK less taxing to write than FOOTBALL'S WEEK (more lines) or BASEBALL'S WEEK (a longer season), both of which he is also responsible for. "Nevertheless, there is more organization involved in BASKETBALL'S WEEK than in the others because of the number of teams and games," he says.

During basketball season, Weiskopf estimates he spends 15 hours a week preparing to write the roundup, select the outstanding player of the week and rank the top three teams in the East, Midwest, West, and South. In ranking teams, Weiskopf, like a coach, goes with the one with the hot hand. "You look at

a team's record and the schedule it plays. You try to go with the one that is impressive at the moment. I get the first whack at ranking them," Weiskopf says. "but [College Basketball Editor] Peter Curry can make any revisions he feels appropriate."

While a journalism student at Penn State, Weiskopf covered track and field for the college paper, traveling with the team for three years. After getting his BA in 1955, he spent 14 months as "the one-man sports staff" of the Lock Haven Express, a small daily in a town 40 miles northeast of Penn State. He joined SI in September of 1956, hired to replace someone drafted into the Army. Weiskopf assured his boss he was safe from the draft because of a bone disease in his leg, contracted as a teenager. "I was under doctor's care, under ultrasound treatment and had to wear a brace on my knee for almost nine years," he says. He was also drafted a month after he was hired.

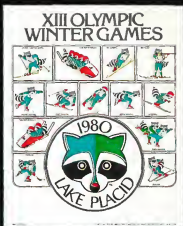
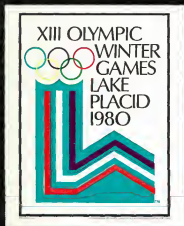
Since his return in October of 1958, Weiskopf has reported on pro football and major league baseball, and is the resident expert on professional bowling and collegiate wrestling. He has covered the Professional Bowlers Association tour and the NCAA wrestling championships, and written profiles of Earl Anthony, the PBA's leading money-winner, Dan Gable, former Olympic wrestling champion, now wrestling coach at Iowa, and 400-pound Chris Taylor, 1972 and 1973 NCAA heavyweight wrestling champion. He has also written three sports books, *Felipe Alou: My Life and Baseball* (1966), *On Three: Inside the Sports Huddle* (1975), and *The Perfect Game* (1978), a history of bowling, selected by *The New York Times* as one of the best sports books of the year in—when else?—the third week of December.



WEISKOPF: GOING STRONG ON THE WEEKS

*Herman Weiskopf*

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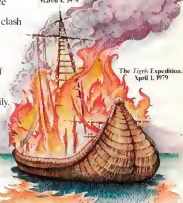
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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## BOOTED

Woody Hayes' 28-year career at Ohio State came to a sudden end last week when he went berserk toward the end of the Gator Bowl game in Jacksonville. With Clemson leading 17-15 and 1:59 remaining, Ohio State had a third down and five to go on the Clemson 24. But that's as far as the Buckeyes got. Clemson Middle Guard Charlie Bauman intercepted an Art Schlichter pass. When Bauman was tackled near the Ohio State bench, Hayes went wild. He grabbed Bauman and punched him. When one of his own players, Ken Fritz, attempted to intervene, Hayes turned on him. There was a mob scene of sniffling players and coaches. Finally Hayes was wrestled away by his defensive coach, George Hill. Ohio State drew a 15-yard penalty for Hayes' unsportsmanlike conduct. Then Ohio State was penalized another 15 yards when the still-raging Hayes ran onto the field and had to be led away by an assistant.

Ohio State Athletic Director Hugh Hindman, who had played for Hayes at Miami University in 1949 and served as one of his assistants at Ohio State for seven years, confronted Hayes privately in the locker room. Hindman told Hayes he was going to inform the Ohio State president, who was in the stands, of the particulars of the affair, and that Hayes "could expect the worst possible result." There was a bitter exchange between the two men, and then, Hindman says, Hayes "asked if he had the opportunity to resign, and I told him he did. Shortly thereafter he said, 'I'm not going to resign. That would make it too easy for you. You had better go ahead and fire me.'"

With that, Hindman drove off to see Ohio State President Harold L. Enarson at the country club in Ponte Vedra where he was staying. They met shortly after two in the morning, and Hindman told Enarson, who had no clear idea of what had happened on the field, about Hayes. They agreed to fire him. "There isn't a university or an athletic conference in

the country which would permit a coach to physically assault a college athlete," Enarson says. At 8 a.m. Hindman told Hayes he was through as coach. After returning to Columbus, Hayes cleared out his office of his few personal possessions, including his books on Emerson, great generals and wars, loaded them into his Bronco and went home to seclusion.

It is surprising that Hayes was not canned years ago. In addition to numerous publicized outbursts of temper and violence, Hayes often flew into ungovernable rages in practice and struck his players. There was talk last year that Ohio State wanted to fire Hayes after he punched an ABC cameraman in the stomach, but it was just talk; the only punishment meted out to Hayes was a year's "probation" by the Big Ten.

One of the problems with big-time college football is the reverence in which coaches are held. They are called Coach Jones and Coach Smith and Coach Hayes, investing them with almost priestly emence and inviolability. It goes to the head, and Hayes isn't the only coach who regards himself as omnipotent and beyond criticism, and football as something separate from the university. One of the most telling insights into the relationship between football and higher education came last week from OSU President Enarson, who, when asked if the Hayes case were embarrassing to the university, remarked, "I take comfort with the keen awareness that football and the great reputation of this university tend to be totally separate."

Then there is the matter of ABC's coverage of the incident. Announcers Keith Jackson and Ara Parseghian professed to be confused about what was going on down on the field, even though the camera clearly showed Hayes punching Bauman. Were Jackson and Parseghian—or should it be Coach Parseghian?—attempting to draw a discreet shade over a member of the clan who had gone out of control? Or are they simply inept? Was Producer Bob Goodrich fearful of hurt-

ing the "image" of college football, which ABC televises during the season? Or is Goodrich simply inept? Whatever the reason, ABC booted the story the night Coach Hayes booted his career at Ohio State.

## 1,857' 39" AND ALL THAT

Attention, trivia nuts. Harvey Pollack, the PR director for the Philadelphia 76ers, who in our last issue revealed to an anxiously awaiting world all sorts of recondite statistics on technical fouls in the NBA, is at it again. To wit, these samples from the Sixers' media guide:

- If all 285 players who competed in the NBA last year were stacked on top of one another they would be 1,857' 39½" high.
- More than 48% of the games played in the 32 years the NBA has been in existence have ended with a victory margin of eight points or fewer. The most



common margin is two, which has occurred 1,081 times.

- Thirty-five players on NBA rosters last season went to college in California. Of these, 31 played in the Pac-10, and of those, 13 played at UCLA, which provided more players than any other school in the nation. The runner up, with eight, was North Carolina.
- An early lead is likely to mean victory. Last season the team that led after the first period went on to win the game 64.7% of the time. The halftime leader won 70.7% of the time, and the third-period leader 81.4%.
- The nicknames for Darryl Dawkins' dunk shots are: In Your Face Disgrace,

continued

Left-handed Spine-Chiller Supreme, Sexaphonic Turbo Delight, Earthquake Brenker, Flop-A-Dop, Look Out Below Go-rilla, Dunk You Very Much, Hammer of Thor, The One We Owe You and the No Playin Get Out of the Wayin Backboard Swayin Gaste Delayin

#### HI KULTURMEY

Igoris Alexandrov, star Soviet forward, has gotten the boot from the national ice hockey team and from Moscow's Central Army club, the *Canadiens of Russia*. The Communist youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* reports that Alexandrov "arrived drunk for training" and was "guilty of physical aggression" on and off the ice. In short, he had become "too egotistical."

Privately, the Soviets say he was acting just like a North American pro.

#### HANDS OFF

Shoplifters are having tough sledding these days, thanks to increasing use of electronic systems that set off alarm bells. Particularly sporting shoplifters.

Oddly enough, stores selling sports apparel get ripped off more than other retail outlets. According to George Harbin, senior vice-president of Sensormatic Electronics in Deerfield Beach, Fla., the largest manufacturer of what they call electronic article surveillance equipment, sporting-goods stores lose 4% to 5% in sales a year because of shoplifting, as compared to 3% for other kinds of retail stores. "You're talking about a loss of \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year for a store that does \$1 million in business," he says. "By installing an electronic system, a retailer can cut that 4%-to-5% loss to around 1%." A retailer can live with that because he figures he's going to make a 1% error in his stock anyway.

The Sensormatic system—which is utilized by such stores as Eastern Mountain Sports, Inc., Macy's, Korvettes, The May Company and Carson Pine Scott & Co.—employs a small plastic tag containing a foil antenna and a diode about the size of a grain of pepper. The tag is affixed to articles with a stainless-steel tack that can only be removed by the retailer. When a shoplifter attempts to leave the store, an electronic sensor at the door activates an alarm.

"Interestingly, our system has proven conclusively that shoplifting is not a minority or a teen-age problem," says Harbin. "Electronics have no built-in bias,

and results show that the profile of the average shoplifter is the profile of the average customer. One of our Midwestern customers found that his average shoplifter was white, female, 23 years old, had one child and a husband who made 15 grand a year, just the customer the retailer was aiming to attract."

A couple of weeks ago Killington Ski Area in Vermont installed its own super-sophisticated tagging system on skis racked outside the lodge. By using directional antennae and range finders, Killington was able to nail six suspected ski thieves, two of whom have already been convicted. Says Dave Langlois, special-projects coordinator, "We've cut our ski thefts to almost nothing."

#### MIXED MOTIVES

What makes hunters and anti-hunters tick? It all depends, says Dr. Stephen R. Kellert of Yale, who has been studying both for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. According to his report, anti-hunters appear to be motivated by two somewhat different attitudes. There is what Kellert calls the humanistic anti-hunter who has a strong emotional identification with animals. "To most humanistic anti-hunters," Kellert writes, "it was inconceivable that anyone could find killing an animal an enjoyable activity. Sport hunting seemed a little like killing for killing's sake, a deliberate desire to inflict suffering and pain without cause or reason." Then there is the moralistic anti-hunter whose "objection to hunting was not based primarily on what it did to animals (or because of love for the animal) but for the presumably degenerative impact it had on the person and society."

Hunters themselves fall into three groups, says Kellert. He calls the largest group—43.8% of those who hunted in the past five years—Utilitarian/Meat Hunters. They are likely to come from a rural background and to have fathers in farm-related occupations. This group includes a disproportionate number of people over 65 and a significant number who earn less than \$6,000 a year. Utilitarian/Meat Hunters value the hunted animal most as a source of food.

What Kellert calls the Domesticate/Sport Hunters constitute 38.5% of all those who hunted in the last five years. They are likely to live in cities and to have served in the armed forces. Hunting seems to provide "an opportunity to engage in a sporting activity involving

mastery, competition, display of shooting skill and expression of prowess."

The third group is made up of Nature Hunters, who comprise 17.7%. They come from a higher socioeconomic status and include more women than the other hunter groups. They had an interest in wildlife in childhood and know more about wildlife than other hunters. They have a "strong interest, concern and affection for all animals." They seek a "reaffirmation of basic relationships between humans and the natural world separated by contemporary society's barriers of civilized and industrial culture." Killing gives them "a greater awareness of life's transitory character, of the need to live one's ephemeral existence purposefully." As one Nature Hunter said, "It's the death that makes the spark of life glow most brightly, measure for measure."

#### SUPER CHARGE

A crowd of 80,000 is expected at the Super Bowl, which will be held at the Orange Bowl in Miami on Jan. 21. Most of those who drive to the game are expecting to pay an arm for parking. But an arm and a leg?

There are fewer than 3,000 parking spaces on the grounds, and they're all accounted for at \$4 each. This means that neighborhood homes and businesses are going to profit handsomely, and then some. According to a survey by Sports Editor John Crittenden of *The Miami News*, in order to park there a driver will have to pay up to \$30, which matches the cost of a ticket to the game. The \$30 charge was set by Remer Quevedo, who runs a service station across the street from the north parking lot at the Orange Bowl. He charged \$10 a car for the Dolphin-Oiler wild-card playoff game week before last, and he intended to charge \$15 for the Oklahoma-Nebraska Orange Bowl game last Monday night. That was more than the price of a ticket, \$12.50. Does Quevedo have any qualms about charging \$30 for the Super Bowl? "I'll be sold out 30 minutes before game time," he says.

#### THEY SAID IT

● Denny Crum, Louisville basketball coach, on his contract: "I'm getting \$300,000, but over a 150-year period."

● Darrell Hedric, Miami of Ohio basketball coach, after his team lost to Purdue 76-57: "If you want to know the turning point, it was our layup drill."

END

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# THE RISING OF THE TIDE

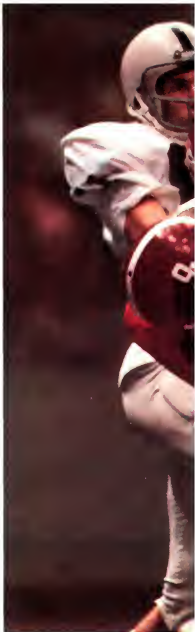
Alabama beat Penn State 14-7 in the Sugar Bowl to lay claim to the national title **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

On the day before his Sugar Bowl showdown with Penn State, Bear Bryant breakfasted in the elegant refuge of his hotel suite high above New Orleans on a floppy-looking egg-and-bacon sandwich (brought up in a brown paper bag) and coffee in a Styrofoam cup. Between swallows the Bear was saying that if there was one thing you could be sure of about his Alabama defense it was that you couldn't be sure of his Alabama defense. It had been great at times and unsound at times, and that's "not recommended" when you play the No. 1 team in the nation, one that had not lost in 19 games.

Bear noted that the Tide defense had been hurt a lot. That it had been particularly slowed in the secondary by those injuries, and by, well, being slow in the secondary. And that it was about to go under the gun against a quarterback, Penn State's Chuck Fusina, whom Coach Joe Paterno called the best passer he ever had. The situation fairly cried out for a dedicated, if not wild-eyed, pass rush, and "rushing the passer is the thing we do worst," said Bryant.

*continued*

*Jim Bob Harris (9) and Don McNeal dampened Penn State's hopes by cutting off a pass to Mike Bussell in the end zone. McNeal got the ball*





As for the Alabama fans who were establishing themselves as No. 1 in whoops and hollers downstairs in the hotel and up and down Bourbon Street, Bryant said he wished they'd be quiet until after the game.

Well, Bear, you can come down now and join the merry group. And bring the defense with you. On second thought, have them bring you.

In about as thorough a demonstration of defensive scratch-and-hurry as you'll ever see, one that Bryant himself said was not excelled by any team he ever had (that is 34 years of teams), the Crimson Tide not only shut Fusina down and almost out, it rushed him to such distraction that even when he was not particularly hurried he looked hurried.

The result, in a game so filled with exquisite pressure that the record Sugar Bowl crowd of 76,834 never seemed to stop yelling, was a 14-7 Alabama victory that should bring Bryant a record fifth national championship, all at Alabama. Without any question it brought to a crushing climax Penn State's dreams for a first national title.

Fusina had the kind of day Mal Moore, the Alabama offensive coordinator, says he sometimes dreams about when he is off his feed. A day when nothing works, when no matter what you try, it ends up looking about as good as day-old spaghetti.

The stunting, blitzing, looping Alabama defenders were coordinated by Assistant Head Coach Ken Donahue, whom Bryant took care to thank afterward. Donahue is a stoical genius who stalks the halls of the Alabama coaches' office at all hours and wears a double-brimmed fishing cap to practice, and it was his strategy that suffocated the Penn State running game. The Nittany Lions had minus yardage in the first half, a net plus-19 overall.

When Fusina handed off, Ends Wayne Hamilton and E. J. Junior, Tackles Marty Lyons and Byron Braggs, Middle Guard Curtis McGriff and Linebackers Rickey Gilliland and Berry Krauss took turns stuffing his runners like a sausage. The longest scrimmage gain Penn State ball carriers could muster in the first half was a 10-yard blast by Fullback Matt Suhey. That was dishearteningly negated on the next play when a 32-yard pass to Tailback Mike Guman was called back on an illegal-motion penalty.

When Fusina passed—or tried to—

these same gentlemen generally clogged his sinuses, and interfered with his vital processes, and sacked him five times for a total loss of 70 yards. When he did get the ball upfield, there was the rest of that slow, small and underestimated secondary of Don McNeal, Allen Crumbliey, Murray Legg and Jim Bob Harris (a mere freshman, old Jim Bob), picking off passes—four in all. The hardest-nosed heroes of the defense were Krauss and McNeal, who literally knocked themselves out for the cause.

The Alabama offense, though having what would ordinarily be called a fine day against the No. 1 defensive team in the country, had malfunctioned often enough—and been frustrated often enough by the still-proud Nittany Lions—to have taken only a touchdown lead into the fourth quarter. An interception by McNeal in the end zone subsequently stopped what was only the fourth Penn State incursion into Alabama territory. But Alabama returned the favor when an errant pitchout was left on the artificial turf at the 19 for Penn State's Joe Lally to recover, and just like that Suhey bolted up the middle for 11 yards to the Alabama eight.

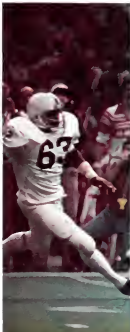
On second down from the six, Fusina hit Split End Scott Fitzkee squaring out toward the flag on the right side of the end zone. Fitzkee, the ball and the 176-pound McNeal all came together at the oar, with Fitzkee seemingly at an advantage—he had the angle to turn into the end zone for what would have been the tying touchdown, or possibly a go-ahead eight points. But McNeal—who would intercept another Fusina pass in the end zone before suffering a slight concussion in the fourth quarter—was able to nudge Fitzkee sideways and out of bounds, still two feet short of the goal.

On third down, Fusina handed to Suhey, flying into the teeth of the missed Alabama middle. It was an 18-inch flight. Fourth and six inches. Penn State called time and Fusina went over to Paterno for some advice.

The decision was to come back to virtually the same spot, this time with Guman. Krauss' job on such a play, the linebacker said later, is to try to meet the flyer head up. An All-America, he is obviously good at it. Krauss remembers that "Lyons, Braggs, and I don't know who else" submarined on the play, and when he surged forward to meet Guman they were face to face and helmet to hel-



Scott Fitzkee snagged a touchdown pass over McNeal's head in the third quarter. Eight plays later, Lou Linder set up the winning TD for Fusina with his dazzling 62-yard punt return.



met (see cover). Just before the lights went out for Krauss, he recalls, he was staring into Guman's face. When they came back on, Guman and the rest of the Lions were trotting off the field, still a foot from the goal.

Alabama sewed it up minutes later on what can only be called a bonehead Penn State play. A punt by the Tide's Woody Umphrey, who had punted Penn State near its own goal line all afternoon with his kicks, slid off the side of his foot and out of bounds at the Alabama 20. But Penn State was detected having 12 men on the field, and Alabama was given new life with a 15-yard penalty. From there the Tide worked the ball out of danger, and Penn State never really threatened again.

Sitting in his elegant suite—with a river view and mirrored ceilings—the day before the game, Paterno had said he thought it would be a good defensive day for Penn State if it held Alabama to 14 points. He figured Penn State would get more than that, "three more, anyway," because of All-America Placekicker Matt

Bahr. But Bahr swung a leg only for one extra point; in fact, it was Alabama that should have scored more. Only the Tide's inability to apply the offensive crusher kept Penn State's hopes of a national title alive until Fusina was intercepted for the last time with 12 seconds left.

Alabama had almost exclusive control of everything but the scoreboard in the first half. The diversified attack directed by Quarterback Jeff Rutledge repeatedly sprang Tony Nathan loose on patches. A slashing runner, Nathan wound up with a game-high 127 yards, more than twice Penn State's average yield during the regular season.

But repeatedly when on the verge of scoring, Alabama would suffer a breakdown—a dropped pass, a penalty, a missed signal. Thus the two giants sloged through the first 29 minutes and 52 seconds without managing a point. It was tense, and fun, but spooky. In such cases you can almost count on the "losing" team to blunder into a score.

But it was a whirlwind 80-yard Alabama drive that broke the ice. Nathan

got 30 yards on a sweep to the right. Then when the Tide reached the Penn State 30, Rutledge found Split End Bruce Bolton streaking toward the goal all alone. He was in the end zone when Rutledge's pass reached him, Bolton curled around it like a baby as he fell.

Penn State retaliated in the third quarter, Pete Harris intercepting Rutledge with a last split-second leap just in front of the receiver at the Alabama 48 to set up the Penn State touchdown. Fusina passed 25 yards to Guman coming out of the backfield, then Jon Fitzkee straight up the middle for the score on a 17-yarder.

It was 7-7; Penn State had come alive offensively, or so it seemed. The sizable contingent of Nuttany Lion fans had regained their voices. All year long, Paterno's squad had been a money team in the stretch. But this time they came up short. After an exchange, and still one more sack of Fusina, Fitzkee punted 50 yards—and right out from under the Penn State coverage. Lou Ikner—Bryant says only his own dumb coaching has kept Ikner from being used more often—got the ball in an alley on the left side and by the time he was run down he had skittered 62 yards to the Penn State 11.

On third down from the eight, Alabama scored. The Tide set up in a straight wishbone, but then shifted to an unbalanced left. After faking to his fullback, Rutledge ran an option to the strong side. He barely was able to step away from a lunging grab by Tackle Matt Milten but by the time he pitched to his trailing halfback, Major Ogilvie, the entire right side of the State line was sealed off, and Ogilvie beat the last two defensive backs to the goal.

Nursing a Coke and a cigarette and a sudden ear infection that gave his voice a somewhat comic, sudy quality, Bryant said afterward that he thought Alabama "could have beaten any team in the country" that day. The Bear went on to say he could not recall ever being prouder of a team, and if they wanted his vote for No. 1, they had it.

He then retired for the evening, not minding at all as Alabama players zipped into the French Quarter for one last fling at New Orleans' night life. After the regular season finale against Auburn, he had scolded them soundly for popping champagne in the dressing room. He thought that was premature celebration. As Bryant sees life in these United States, if you're not No. 1, you're premature.

CONTINUED



# COTTON BOWL

Dave Huffman, Notre Dame's All-America center and team philosopher, was musing about the Fighting Irish mystique on the eve of the Cotton Bowl. "It's there even when you don't want to believe it," he said. "There comes a day when skeptics turn around and, bang, there it is. Right in front of them. And they know it."

Nobody knows better now than the once skeptical Houston Cougars, who were beaten 35-34 in a wonderfully wacky game with a typically implausible Notre Dame ending, the winning point coming after time had expired. Houston Coach Bill Yeoman had tried to convince his team late last week that any such mystique was "garbage." Somewhere, Rockne and Gipp are pounding each other on the back.

It was a contest played during the tail end of Dallas' most severe storm in 30 years. Officials said game conditions—temperatures in the low 20s, winds gusting to 30 mph, frozen stadium chairs—were by far the worst in the Cotton Bowl's 43-year history. Only 32,500 spectators showed up, a credit to their nose for barn burners.

But for a good part of the game the only thing worse than the weather was the way the Irish played. Star Linebacker Bob Golic got hurt. So did Punter Joe Restic. Quarterback Joe Montana was shivering and fighting the flu and throwing interceptions—four. With 1:50 to play and the Irish somehow having rallied to cut a 34-12 deficit to 34-28, he took off on a run, holding the ball out like a peace offering. Houston Linebacker David Hodge knocked it loose and a teammate, Tommy Ebner, recovered it

on the Cougar 20. Now, for sure, Notre Dame was finished. Houston Quarterback Danny Davis, who had danced more than a few fancy steps during the afternoon in celebration of his achievements, danced another few. Montana, seemingly whipped, slumped sadly off the field to a sideline jammed with worried teammates and concerned coaches.

But Houston was unable to run out the clock. With 46 seconds to go, the Cougars lined up in punt formation. Notre Dame jumped offense. With only a yard to go now for a first down, the Cougars eschewed the punt. Emmett King tried the left side but was stopped. Four plays later—the ball in the air and the gun sounding—an eight-yard Montana to Kris Haines pass into the corner was good. Score: 34-34. Before the game Montana had said, "We have to take our time if things don't go well. Houston can only play on emotion for so long." Chances are he didn't mean cutting it quite that fine, but with Notre Dame, who knows?

So Joe Unis kicks the winning point. Hold it. The Irish foul up again; they are penalized for illegal procedure. Now it is a 25-yard kick for the point. "Every kicker fantasizes about winning games like this," Unis says later. Fantasy becomes reality. Unis' foot swings and the kick is true.

Back up a bit and consider the larger fantasy. There are but 13 minutes, 36 seconds left to play. Hodge has just intercepted a Montana pass; Notre Dame trails by 22 points; Notre Dame cannot win. Reality: a punt blocked by Notre Dame's Tony Belden is caught in midair by freshman Steve Cichy and run back 33 yards for a touchdown with 7:37 to go. With 4:22 left, Montana runs two yards around left end for a touchdown. Then he throws a two-point conversion to Haines to make the score 34-28. Finally, Montana and Unis turn in their wow ending.

Danny Davis, who can do magical things with the football himself, had said in a happier moment, "The only time I panic is after a game is over. That's the time to panic, because there's nothing you can do." As night fell over Dallas, Davis must have been one agitated fellow.

—DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

# ROSE

Tailback Charles White of USC has done some amazing things this season. Only a junior, he became the leading ground-gainer in Pac-10 history with 4,096 yards. He led the nation in all-purpose running, with a 174.6-per-game average. He carried the ball 342 times and proved to be as durable as a tank. And in the Rose Bowl he performed a trick worthy of Houdini, apparently scoring a touchdown without the football.

White's controversial dive over the middle gave USC the winning margin in its 17-10 victory over Michigan and the once dominant Big Ten suffered its ninth Rose Bowl defeat in the last 10 years. Ironically, it was a Big Ten official, Line Judge Gilbert Marchman, who made the disputed call. In the second quarter, USC had moved from the Wolverine 49 to second and goal on the three. Quarterback Paul McDonald, as he so often has, called a play for White, who dived in and lost



the ball—or lost the ball and dived in. In any event, Marchman signaled a TD, putting the Trojans ahead 14-3.

"The line judge saw the ball break the plane [of the goal line]," said Referee Paul Kamanski. "The line judge was emphatic and in perfect position."

That was the only opinion that counted. Postgame locker-room opinions depended on whether the play had been seen through glasses tinted maize and blue or crimson and gold. White: "I thought it was a touchdown. I just released the ball and let it go. It doesn't matter if there's a controversy; it's over, now, it's history." Michigan Linebacker Jerry Meter: "The ball hit the ground on the one-yard line and just stayed there. It never got in." Most people who saw the TV instant replay, including NBC





## BOWL

color man—and ex-Trojan—O. J. Simpson, were rather certain that White dropped the ball before he scored.

USC broke on top early and led throughout. On Michigan's second play of the game—second and nine at its own 29—Rick Leach's pass up the middle was intercepted by USC's Ronnie Lott, who carried it to the Wolverine 16. Three plays later, the supposedly gimpy McDonald (he sprained an ankle in late November in the Notre Dame game) sprinted left and threw a nine-yard pass to Tight End Hoby Brenner in the end zone. Frank Jordan's PAT made it USC 7-0.

But Michigan's defense, led by Linebacker Ron Simkins, was quick and stubborn all day and kept the Wolverines in the game. Just before the end of the first quarter, Linebacker Tom Seabron hit McDonald and forced a fumble. Tailback Harlan Huckleby dropped a pass that might have led to a tying touchdown, and Michigan settled for a 36-yard Gregg Willner field goal.

White's controversial touchdown drive made it 14-3, and just before the half ended Dennis Smith intercepted a Leach pass, setting up a 35-yard field goal by Jordan.

Leach gave the Trojans some nervous moments in the second half. In the third quarter he rolled out left and fired a perfect pass up the middle to Tailback Roosevelt Smith, who waltzed a few more yards into the end zone.

But USC's defense proved as tough as Michigan's and Leach couldn't work up another threat. Late in the game Michigan moved from its 11 to the USC 48, fourth and seven. With 2:50 left, Coach Bo Schembechler elected to punt rather than gamble. USC, starting from its 15, ate up the remaining 2:44.

Since taking over at USC from John McKay, John Robinson has been three for three in bowl games. Next year, with White, McDonald and 14 other starters returning, USC figures to be even better, but Robinson wanted the national title this week.

"I don't know if anyone knows who is No. 1," he said. "There are four or five good teams. I'm prejudiced and I'm going to vote for USC."

—JOE JAMES

## ORANGE BOWL

By the time that old bugaboo, the fumble, caught up with Oklahoma's racehorse offense, it was far too late to help the undergunned and overwhelmed Nebraska Cornhuskers in this unusual rematch of the Big Eight co-champions. When Thomas Lott, the Sooner quarterback, was separated from the ball—Oklahoma's first fumble of the night—and it was recovered by Nebraska's Dave Clark at the Sooner 42, less than nine minutes remained in the game. And Oklahoma, after a 17-point third-quarter burst behind the running of Lott and Heisman Trophy winner Billy Sims, held a comfortable 31-17 lead.

In Nebraska's 17-14 victory over the then No. 1-ranked Sooners last Nov. 11 in Lincoln, Oklahoma had fumbled the ball away six times. "We're looking for a little payback," Sims said. "I'm going to run like a crazy man. At least that's what it's going to look like. We're going to throw everything at them."

And that is just what the fourth-ranked Sooners did in their 31-24 victory. Spotting Nebraska an opening-drive touchdown on a 21-yard pass from Tom Sorely to Split End Tim Smith, the Sooners went nowhere the first time they had the ball, but then they went pretty much anywhere they wanted. At times, it seemed they would run clear back to Collins Ave. With Sims running for 45 yards, including the last three, in a 69-yard scoring drive, Oklahoma tied the game at 7-7 late in the first quarter. Subsequently, Lott, who claims he would be much happier as a running back, almost single-handedly provided the Sooners a lead they never gave up.

In that first game against Nebraska, Lott had thrown but two passes and completed neither. But midway in the second period in Miami he hit Split End Steve Rhodes with a 38-yard toss that put Oklahoma on the Nebraska three. A moment later Lott faked a handoff to half the state of Oklahoma, which had the Nebraska defenders spinning in search of the ball, and ambled nine easy feet for a touchdown.

The third quarter was all Sims and Lott, except for an exchange of field goals between Oklahoma's Uwe von Schamann and Nebraska's Billy Todd. Sims,

who was to carry 25 times for 134 yards, got his second touchdown on an 11-yard burst. Then Lott, who ran 14 times for 74 yards, put Oklahoma ahead 31-10 on a two-yard keeper with 15 seconds left in the third quarter.

Deciding that they would have to do some scoring without benefit of Oklahoma fumbles, the Cornhuskers brought the score closer to respectability with 9:12 remaining, when workhorse I-Back Rick Berns completed a 78-yard drive with a one-yard plunge.

After Lott coughed up the ball on the Sooner 42 with 8:06 to play, the Huskers drove to the seven where Oklahoma rose up and stopped them. But the Nebraska defense held Oklahoma deep in its territory, forced a punt and the Huskers had one more chance, starting from their own 42. Sorely's pitching plus an interference call against Oklahoma put Nebraska on the two with three seconds left. Sorely lofted the ball to Junior Miller deep in the end zone as the gun sounded. But Oklahoma still had its "payback," and yet another claim went in for the suddenly vacant No. 1 spot.

"We are the best offensive team in the nation," Oklahoma's Coach Barry Switzer said. "And I would say Alabama is the best defensive team in the country. I do not know who deserves to be ranked No. 1, but we are as good as anybody." Especially when the Sooners manage to hang on to the football.

—PAT PUTNAM



# A WISE INVESTMENT

*Wearing a new bullet-proof vest to protect his broken ribs, Dan Pastorini threw three TD passes as Houston upset New England 31-14* **by JOE MARSHALL**

*Listen to the blockin', the ramblin' and the roar.*

*As he glides along the sidelines, by the hash marks for the score,*

*From the fancy passin' Dago, to the Tyler bowling ball,*

*Those Patriots can be taken, by the Oiler Cannonball*

Those stirring lyrics, written last week by Houston Center Carl Muuck and sung to the tune of *Wabash Cannon Ball*, proved prophetic Sunday as Houston rambled and roared over befuddled New England 31-14 at Foxboro, Mass. Fancy passin' Dan Pastorini completed 12 of his 15 tosses for 200 yards and three touchdowns. The Tyler, Texas bowling ball, rookie Earl Campbell, carried 27 times for 118 yards and scored Houston's

fourth touchdown. Together, Campbell and Pastorini outgained New England, the NFL's top-rated offensive team, 318 yards to 263. And now, while New England Coach Chuck Fairbanks turns his attention to recruiting players for the University of Colorado, the Oiler Cannonball is fueling up for the AFC showdown at Pittsburgh.

The fact that Houston will be the underdog for the third straight week is just one more reason to embrace these Oilers, who would not have made the playoffs if the NFL had not expanded its postseason format to include a second wild-card team from each conference.

Another reason is Pastorini, who has water on the elbow of his throwing arm, and wears a brace to protect strained cartilage in his right knee and a bulletproof

flak jacket to shield three broken ribs. The Oilers also have 19 free agents on their roster, including one fireman (Defensive End James Young) and another who previously drove a cement truck (Johnnie Darden). And, of course, there is Campbell, the NFL's most-heralded rookie since Phyllis George.

The Oilers never really gave the Patriots a chance. Pastorini's three scoring passes, two to Mike Barber, and a 30-yard Tom Fritsch field goal shot Houston into a 24-0 lead midway through the third quarter. At that point the Oilers, who had overcome a 23-0 deficit to beat New England 26-23 in the regular season, had scored 50 consecutive points on the Patriots. New England finally got on the scoreboard in the last minute of the third quarter when Andy Johnson passed to Harold Jackson in the end zone on a 24-yard halfback option play. Then, early in the fourth quarter, the Patriots scored again, this time on a 24-yard pass from Quarterback Tom Owen, who was substituting for Steve Grogan, to Tight End Russ Francis. Grogan had taken himself out of the game late in the first

*Oiler Tight End Mike Barber lunges across the goal line to score the first of his two touchdowns. On the second, Barber simply walked into the end zone.*



half when his balky left knee acted up.

Now the score was 24-14, and the Oilers suddenly seemed to be in trouble. But on New England's next possession, Houston Linebacker Gregg Bingham intercepted an Owen pass and turned the ball over to Pastorini's offense at the Patriots' 18. From there, Pastorini gave the ball to Campbell three straight times, and the rookie blasted into the end zone from two yards out for the game's final score. Moments later Defensive End Elvin Beetha, experiencing the playoffs for only the second time in his 11 years with the Oilers, was serenading his teammates in the locker room: "We're in the money. We're in the money."

Pastorini, too, has known mostly misery in his years in Houston. He has regularly voiced his unhappiness about life in the city, and earlier this year he walked away from a practice before it had ended. Now Pastorini claims he is happy, and in the Oilers playoff romps over Miami (17-9) and New England he has performed spectacularly, passing for more than 500 yards. Nevertheless, Pastorini has not received as much attention as has his flak jacket.

Pastorini was introduced to this remarkable device as he lay in a hospital bed following a 13-3 loss to Pittsburgh in early December. Into his room walked Byron Donzis, a 46-year-old inventor and partner in American Pneumatics, a Houston firm that manufactures air-inflated sports products. Donzis was wearing one of the flak jackets. With him, carrying a baseball bat, was Pete Charnock. Donzis raised his hands over his head, and Charnock whacked him on the jacket with the bat five times—as hard as he could. Donzis never flinched. Said Pastorini, "I want one of those." That came as no surprise to Donzis. "I figured if the jacket was designed to take a .357 Magnum point-blank, it could help Pastorini."

Unquestionably, the jacket, which weighs only 5½ ounces, helped protect Pastorini's ribs against the Patriots. On Pastorini's first and third touchdown passes, New England Linebacker Rod Shoate crashed into him just as he released the ball. Without the vest, Pastorini might simply have covered up and taken a sack; at the least, he might have flinched. Wearing it, "You can hit me as hard as you want," he says, "and I'm



Colorado-bound Fairbanks felt the wrath of Patriot fans. Pastorini not only won, but was flak proof

not going to feel it. The ribs are still broken, but I have no pain."

Pastorini's first touchdown pass came just when the Patriots seemed to be asserting themselves. The Patriots' defense stopped Campbell twice for a net of just three yards, leaving Pastorini with third and seven at his 29. In the huddle he called a short sideline pattern. Coming up to the line of scrimmage, however, Pastorini noticed New England bunching for a blitz, so he substituted a deep pass route to Wide Receiver Ken Burrough. Shoate blew past Houston's blockers, forcing Pastorini to hurry a high lob down the left sideline. The pass was underthrown, but the talented Burrough, covered only by Cornerback Mike Haynes, was able to slow up for the ball. Haynes fell, and once Burrough caught the lob at the New England 43, he tight-rope past the fallen Patriot and high-stepped his way to the end zone, completing a 71-yard play.

Houston broke the game open by scoring on each of its next two possessions. Both followed interceptions of Grogan passes by Free Safety Mike Reinfeldt, who had picked off just one pass during the regular season. The first drive covered nearly the length of the field—99 yards—and was made possible by a grant from New England. Patriot Safety Tim Fox was penalized for a late hit after New England had stopped the Oilers on a third-down rush back inside the Houston 10. Result: first down, no Oiler punt required. Pastorini eventually combined with Barber for a 19-yard touchdown, the tight end doing some neat running after taking Pastorini's short toss at the New England 11. The score became 21-0 with just 25 seconds left in the half when Pastorini, absorbing another blow from Shoate, hit Barber again, this time from 13 yards out. As the Patriots stumbled

to their locker room at the half, someone shouted, "Colorado University just announced that it is hiring Bum Phillips as its new head coach."

Much of the pregame talk had centered around Fairbanks' decision to leave New England as soon as possible to become coach at Colorado. Fairbanks' announcement of his plans on Dec. 18, hours before the Patriots' last regular-season game in Miami, had caused New England owner Billy Sullivan to suspend him. Sullivan lifted the suspension two days later when Fairbanks, who had four years to go on his reported \$180,000-a-season New England contract, agreed not to have any formal dealings with Colorado authorities until the end of the Patriots' season.

Many New England players insisted after Sunday's loss that Fairbanks' planned defection had not affected their play. And Sullivan maintained that he was going to try to talk Fairbanks into returning to the Patriots. However, it was clear that Fairbanks had destroyed much of the respect he had built up during his six seasons as coach and general manager. His assistants, suddenly without job security, were angry. On the day Fairbanks announced his desertion to the team, an assistant mumbled loud enough for nearby players to hear, "You bleep bleed. How could you be that selfish?"

As the final seconds ticked off on Sunday, Patriot fans in the end zone near the New England locker room made their feelings on the matter clear. "We want Shoate," they chanted. And when the game ended, they started singing. The lyrics were a stark contrast to Mauck's relishing *Oiler Cannonball*—and a sad epitaph to the Patriots' season.

Goodbye Chuckie, goodbye Chuckie, Goodbye Chuckie, we're glad to see you go.

CONTINUED

## WRONG IS JUST RIGHT

John Stallworth has spent most of his career being thought of as the other Pittsburgh Steeler wide receiver. But last Saturday in Three Rivers Stadium it was Stallworth, not Lynn Swann, who was soaring up there into the mist to bring down the Terry Bradshaw passes that destroyed the Denver Broncos, 33-10, in an AFC playoff game that wasn't nearly as close as the score indicated.

Stallworth comes from Alabama A&M, which obviously stands for Acorbat & Marvel. You could ask Steve Foley, the Bronco cornerback, about that. Foley had a wonderful view of practically everything Stallworth did, including all 10 of his catches—a playoff record—for 156 yards and one touchdown.

*The Steelers deep-sixed the Broncos by throwing to the "wrong" wide receiver, John Stallworth, who caught a record 10 passes* by **DAN JENKINS**

Stallworth's efforts also set up a couple of other touchdowns and one of Roy Gerela's two field goals.

Foley was supposed to be covering Stallworth, but to say that he played him loose would be an understatement. Stallworth did catch several balls underneath Foley, who was seldom closer than five yards away, but Stallworth also spent a lot of time leaping into the air in the manner of his friend Swann to pluck the ball out of the sky.

The fact is, Foley was victimized as

much by the Broncos' brain trust as by either Bradshaw or Stallworth. Denver came into the game Swann-conscious, which made sense. In the regular season, Swann had grabbed 61 passes (20 more than Stallworth), and Swann, after all, was the All-Pro. Denver therefore decided to double-cover Swann with a zone, which left just one man, Foley, to deal with Stallworth.

For its part, the Pittsburgh brain trust had astutely figured out that Denver might just set its defense to shut Swann down, and had in mind a game plan that made Stallworth the primary receiver. Even so, Denver's scheme might have worked had the Broncos put more pressure on Bradshaw. But the Broncos rarely got a strong pass rush, and when they did, Bradshaw would drift outside and eventually find old 82 running clear.

Stallworth made his presence felt early. With the Steelers trailing 3-0 in the first quarter, he got them rolling on a 66-yard drive by catching a 19-yard pass from Bradshaw. Then he got so wide open on a flea-flicker that the Broncos' Bernard Jackson could do nothing but desperately interfere with him. The penalty put the ball on the Denver 12. Four plays and a penalty later, Stallworth caught a 16-yard pass to set up the first of Franco Harris' two touchdowns, which he scored from one yard out.

Stallworth set up the next touchdown with perhaps his best catch of the day, jumping as high as the crossbar to bring down a 22-yard toss. On the next play, Harris, who gained 105 yards for the day, rumbled in to score for a 13-3 lead.

Stallworth's last catch was an equally beautiful thing to see—unless you happened to be Steve Foley. This was in the fourth quarter with the Steelers leading 19-10, and the chief suspense was whether Stallworth would make a 10th grab to set the record. Rather than sit on the lead, Bradshaw chose to try to put the game

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUETMEIER



*Stallworth is a study in concentration as a Terry Bradshaw toss keeps past Denver's Steve Foley*



Lynn Swann, covered by two Broncos on almost every play, caught only two passes, this one in heavy traffic at the goal line for the game's final touchdown

away. So he fired a 45-yard pass into the end zone, where Stallworth was racing a step ahead of Foley.

It was as close as Foley had been to his nemesis all day, but when they went up after the ball, it was Stallworth who got his hands on it. Stallworth failed to come down with both feet inside the end line, but he did get one shoe inside. The officials signaled touchdown, ruling Foley had forced Stallworth off the field.

Apart from the dazzling performance of Stallworth, the game ran pretty close to form. The Steelers resembled the club with the best won-lost record in the league, and Denver looked like the team that had played .500 ball the previous month. The Steelers' balance of rushing and passing was impressive, and both their offense and defense were overwhelming. Defensively, they chased Craig Morton from the game before the second quarter was over, and when Norris Weese, the Mississippi CPA, took over, they had him running for his life.

Weese had led Denver to its second-quarter touchdown, primarily by means of a couple of passes to Jack Dolbin. This gave the Broncos some hope, as it made the score 16-10. But the only other Denver threat of the afternoon was as much the result of penalties as the efforts of Weese or the Broncos. That came in the third quarter, when Denver drove goal-

ward on the wings of an L. C. Greenwood offside, an illegal Ron Johnson chuck of Haven Moses and an unnecessary Jack Lambert roughness on Weese after a scramble. The Denver surge ended when Men Joe Greene blocked a 29-yard Jim Turner field-goal try.

So now Houston must worry not only

about Bradshaw, Harris and Swann but Stallworth as well. Swann, who scored the final Steeler touchdown on a 38-yard heave from Bradshaw, was talking about the newfound Steeler threat: "About halfway through the game I kept looking at John and saying to myself, 'Hey, that's supposed to be me doing that!'"

CONTINUED

Besides blocking a field goal, Men Joe Greene had one satisfying sack of Quarterback Weese



## L.A. RAMS AN OLD JINX

*Gaining sweet revenge after four straight playoff losses to the Minnesota Vikings, the Rams swept to a 34-10 rout of their tormentors* **by JOHN PAPANEX**

The Vikings are so incredibly veteran," said the Los Angeles Rams' incredibly baby-faced Pat Haden. This was a few days before the playoff game with Minnesota, and the awe expressed by the Ram quarterback seemed to be shared by most of his teammates. Over the years the Rams had lost four straight to the Vikings in the playoffs and certainly they were right to be concerned about Fran Tarkenton, the 38-year-old Viking sorcerer who had just finished setting an NFL season record for most passes

thrown and completed. True, Tarkenton's passing achievements came about mainly because Minnesota's running game had been the worst in the NFL and the Viking record was a weak 8-7-1. Still, Tarkenton might just dump off enough junk to Rickey Young, Chuck Foreman, Sammy White and Ahmed Rashad to spoil Los Angeles' Super Bowl hopes yet again.

Instead, Tarkenton spent Sunday afternoon running for his life from Jack Youngblood, Fred Dryer, Cody Jones

and Larry Brooks. And finally, with the Vikings down 27-10 in the game's waning minutes, Tarkenton threw the last of his 37 passes—perhaps the last of his marvelous career—into the Rams' end zone, where it landed at least 20 yards from anyone on either team.

It was Haden, the 25-year-old Rhodes scholar and part-time law student, who was the hero of the day, reading the Viking defense like one of his dog-eared political science textbooks, completing 15 of 29 passes for 209 yards and two touchdowns and slaying the Viking jinx as the Rams won 34-10.

In retrospect it was an easy game, but it didn't become easy until the second half. Until then it appeared that the jinx was still on. Minnesota scored first, on a 42-yard field goal by Rick Danmeier in the first period. On the Rams' second possession Scott Studwell of the Vikings blocked a Glen Walker punt and Minnesota took over at the Rams' 20. Oh, Lord, Los Angeles thought, here we go again. Tarkenton had already passed nine times in the Vikings' first 12 plays; now he aimed one at White cutting right to left across the end zone. But Bill Simpson, the Rams' free safety, flew in front of White to make a touchdown-saving interception.

By the second quarter Haden had "picked up a key," he said, that tipped him off to the Viking defensive plans. He used it—he would not say what it was—to mix up inside trap plays for Cullen Bryant and slashes to the outside by John Cappelletti, along with a couple of passes. One went for 29 yards to Ron Jessie, one for nine yards and a touchdown to Willie Miller. Haden was having a field day picking on rookie Cornerback John Turner, who was filling in for Viking regular Nate Wright, out with a broken arm. Frank Corral's 43-yard field goal made it 10-3, a lead that held almost to the end of the half and seemed safe enough after a Ram blitz stopped a Viking drive in the two-minute warning.

In the Chuck Knox days, with a seven-point lead 1:58 from halftime, the Rams would have run out the clock. But the main reason why Knox left L.A. last year—and why George Allen, the 1978 coach for a minute or two, became a TV commentator—was conservatism. Under new Coach Ray Muhsavasi the Rams "go

*Cullen Bryant may look pudgy, but he bounced through the Vikings for 100 yards and a touchdown*



for it." Which at this particular moment—that jinx again—turned out to be all wrong.

From his 32, Haden aimed a pass over the middle at Terry Nelson, but Minnesota's Bobby Bryant stepped in to intercept. He lateraled to Wally Hilgenberg, who was thrown out of bounds with unnecessary violence by Miller. With a personal foul penalty tacked on, Tarkenton had the ball at the Rams' 27. From there it was like touch football in the park. A diving catch by Young at the three and a quick look-in to Rashad sent the teams to their dressing rooms tied at 10.

But by this time the Rams had unshakable confidence. Tarkenton had confused their defense early with a series of multiple sets and shifts à la Dallas, but now they had him figured out. "Fran told me they drew the thing up on the bus," said Dwyer. "It took us a while to get it, but we did. They can't run, so there was none of that stuff about 'establishing a running game.' Fran's too smart for that. So he says, 'O.K., I'm throwing. It's our six against your six.' But if he stays in the pocket, he gets killed. He knows that."

"No way he could beat us with nickel-and-dime passes," said Middle Linebacker Jack Reynolds.

And the jinx?

"The only chance they had to put the whammy on us again was when they blocked the punt in the first quarter," said Guard Tom Mack. "When they didn't get anything out of that, I knew there wasn't any voodoo left."

The second half was all Los Angeles. By the time Minnesota made another first down the game was three minutes into the fourth quarter and the Rams were leading 27-10. Early in the third quarter Haden took his team 44 yards on eight plays, with the 235-pound Bryant, who had a 100-yard game, thundering for the last three yards and a touchdown behind blocks by Mack, Rich Saul and Dennis Harrah.

Four minutes later, after a 16-yard pass to Jessie and a nine-yard romp by Capelletti, Haden hit Jessie on a quick out-cut, again working the rookie Turner, and Jessie raced 27 yards down the right sideline for another touchdown. Two minutes into the fourth quarter Corral kicked a 28-yard field goal for a 27-10 lead. By

now the normally placid Los Angeles crowd, which totaled 69,631, was hot, the fans briskly shaking blue-and-gold pompons that the Rams had handed out at the gates. Owner Carroll Rosenbloom said later, "The pompons gave us the edge of victory."

If the pompons were the edge, Haden was surely the center. After the Vikings finished their longest drive of the second half—36 yards, including their only two first downs and Tarkenton's pitiful final pass to no one—Haden went to work again. This time his masterful drive culminated in a three-yard touchdown plunge by Jim Joda; it had covered 78 yards in 15 plays and consumed almost eight minutes.

Haden's play-calling—he says he is one of only seven NFL quarterbacks who call their own plays—was sharp, and the Ram offense executed as well as it has all season. "The way we were getting off the ball had to demoralize them," said Mack. "When they know they're going to get pounded before they can react, that's when an offense is super."

"We were on the attack the whole second half, and that was the difference," said Haden. "We got a touchdown lead, then a two-touchdown lead, and we didn't go into a shell. We kept attacking. We executed our passing game today as well as we have all season, but I only play as well as the people around me play. I know that sounds like a cliché, but it's so true. I sat back in the pocket and had time to pick out receivers, and they made good catches."

"In all the years I've played," said Mack, the 13-year veteran who calls himself a draftee, "Pat's as good as any quarterback I've played with, and counting Pro Bowls, I've played with an awful lot. He's taken a lot of raps, but you show me a third-year quarterback with the total capabilities he has. I really believe in him. And he's so young. Hell, I gave him an award when he was in high school seven or eight years ago. It's nice to see him grown up."

In the center of the dressing room the 5' 11", 180-pound Haden was all but out of sight, and some reporters hoisted him onto a bench so all could see and hear him. Haden protested. "I'm not that much of a showman," he said. "But I do have much more confidence. I've tuned out criticism about myself. I'd always



The jinx died with Bill Simpson's interception

been the golden boy here in California. I was never criticized before, and it was bothering me too much. The last months I've tuned it out. I've heard them boo Tarkenton in Minnesota. Staubach in Dallas. I know now not to let it get to me."

Off in a corner Fred Dwyer was musing about his teammates, who had beaten one jinx only to confront another: they've been in the playoffs seven times without ever getting to the Super Bowl.

"The Super Bowl put Denver on the map," Dwyer said. "It perpetuated Green Bay and Dallas. It gives a team credibility. What's frustrating is that the Rams have everything all the great teams have, except Super Bowl experience. That's the maturing experience we need."

Still up from the pulpit was Haden.

"Hey Pat, stand up!" yelled a voice.

"I am standing. This is all of me there is," he said.

Maybe. Then again, maybe not.

CONTINUED

## DANDY DAY FOR DANNY

Atlanta KO'd Roger Staubach but was KO'd in return by Staubach's replacement, Danny White, who rallied stumbling Dallas to a 27-20 win **by RON REID**

The day before the Dallas-Atlanta game, a Cowboy fan called a local radio talk show. "Who's Tom Landry going to use at quarterback when he's leading by 10 touchdowns in the first quarter?" the fan asked. There was no doubt in Dallas that Roger Staubach and the NFL's highest-scoring offense were going to shred the Falcons' Grits Blitz, that the Cowboys' Doomsday Defense was going to surrender maybe a field goal at worst, and that all those rich Texans who gave 14 points were going to be counting their winnings by halftime.

Suddenly, though, the question became: Who's Landry going to use at quarterback when Staubach is hurt and the Cowboys are trailing Atlanta by a touchdown in the second quarter? The Falcons, a wild-card team, but hardly an ace, were leading the defending Super Bowl champions 20-13 with less than a minute to play in the first half when Staubach was hammered into the Texas Stadium Tartan Turf by blitzing Falcon Linebacker Robert Pennywell and knocked unconscious. Atlanta was penalized 15 yards for roughing the passer, but Dallas' plight was worse: it desperately needed a quarterback.

Hello, Danny White. An Arizona State product who spent two years in the WFL before joining the Cowboys in 1976, White has doubled as a punter and backup quarterback for three seasons, starting only once, when Staubach rested an injured foot and hand three weeks ago in the final game of the season against the New York Jets. On that occasion White completed 15 of 24 passes for 156 yards as Dallas won 30-7, so he wasn't completely rusty as he trotted onto the field Saturday. Staubach was the third starting quarterback who had been rendered hors de combat by the Grits Blitz this season, his predecessors being Chicago's Mike Phipps and Cincinnati's Ken Anderson. But the Falcons lost to both Chicago and Cincinnati, and White quickly did them in, too.

Executing Landry's messengered plays

almost flawlessly, White moved the Cowboys to two touchdowns, while the defense, which was dozing most of the first half, was shutting out the Falcons. When the game was over, Dallas had squeaked into the conference championship game with a 27-20 victory.

Having ousted the Falcons, who had won their first-ever playoff game the week before mainly because Philadelphia hadn't bothered to hire a field-goal kicker, Dallas now meets Los Angeles in a grudge match for the NFC title—the Rams having whopped the Cowboys 27-14 in September. Staubach, who suffered a concussion, is expected to play.

Dallas' performance against Atlanta was almost a replay of its 12-4 season,

warts and all. For one half, as Atlanta stormed to its 20-13 lead in the light rain that fell through the open stadium roof, Dallas resembled the bumbling team that won only six of its first 10 games. In the second half, though, the Cowboys scored twice, held Atlanta to five first downs, 18 yards passing and no points, and once again performed in the manner of the infinitely talented team that had ravaged its last six opponents.

The Cowboys' comeback was stimulated by some blunt halftime locker-room talk by Landry, who blamed the heavy odds favoring the Cowboys for their unimpressive performance: namely, three fumbles, various kickoff and punt gaffes by Butch Johnson and a personal foul by Rafael Septien, the field-goal kicker, who tried to level Dennis Pearson with a forearm smash.

"It wasn't the easy game that some people thought it might be," Landry said afterward, stating the obvious. "Atlanta is a good football team with a strong defense. What hurt us was the 14-point ad-

*Trailing by a touchdown, Dallas may have seemed doomed when Staubach went down and out.*





vantage—or whatever—they were saying we should win by."

The Cowboys' tying touchdown came midway through the third quarter on a two-yard, shotput-style pass from White to Jackie Smith, the 38-year-old tight end who played for St. Louis for 15 seasons, retired last year, then un-retired and joined the Cowboys in late September. Smith had caught his first pass as a Cowboy in the first quarter, hauling in an 18-yarder. On the touchdown play, Smith was running for the deep corner of the right end zone when he noticed that White, who was rolling to the right, was in trouble. Changing his course, Smith came back toward the goal line and caught White's pass, which probably didn't travel more than three yards.

"I had no idea that the pass would come to me," Smith said. "It was a boot-leg roll. Catching passes is like riding a bike. It's something you never forget."

The game-winner came with slightly less than 10 minutes to play when Dallas, which started most of its second-half



...but White led the Cowboys to two second-half TDs and a berth in the NFC championship game.

drives inside Atlanta territory, capitalized on John James' shanked punt of 10 yards. Taking over at the Falcon 30, Dallas reached the end zone in five rushes. Scott Laidlaw squiring over from the one on a run that was supposed to be a pass.

Landry had sent in a play-action pass called "Fire 26." In the huddle, however, Drew Pearson relayed the wrong play, calling "Slant 26," which isn't a goal-line play. White checked it off to a "Toss 36." Whatever, it worked.

At the start, it appeared that the 14-point spread might be too conservative. Dallas took the opening kickoff and marched 59 yards as Staubach confused the Falcons with double tight ends, quick-hitting routes and the shotgun. But the Cowboys bogged down at the Atlanta 16 and had to settle for Septien's 34-yard field goal and a 3-0 lead.

Then it was Atlanta's turn. Coach Lee-man Bennett's offensive unit had struggled through 55 scoreless minutes a week earlier, before the Falcons bugged the Eagles 14-13. But Bubba Bean pierced the middle on draws and slanted off the flanks, and Steve Bartkowski hit three of his first four passes as Atlanta drove 78 yards in eight plays for a 7-3 lead. Bean ran 14 yards off left guard to score, encountering little resistance en route.

After Laidlaw's first touchdown, a 13-yard bolt up the middle, put Dallas ahead 10-7. Atlanta tied the score on a 42-yard field goal by Tim Mazzetti, the free-agent bartender. A 48-yard field goal by Septien regained the lead for Dallas, but Bartkowski put Atlanta back in front

17-13 by drilling the ball to Wallace Francis, who was knifing between Cliff Harris and Charlie Waters, for a 17-yard touchdown. Mazzetti added another field goal from 22 yards out two plays before Staubach was hurt, giving the Falcons their 20-13 lead, and it hardly seemed that Atlanta's scoring was over for the game. But it was.

"The Cowboys did nothing different in the second half," Bartkowski said of the Dallas defense. "They just played at the level they're capable of, and they did what they had to do better. But our season was a success. We didn't get as far as I would have liked, but it was a growth year for us and I'm optimistic for next season."

Harvey Martin, the defensive end who led the rush that sacked Bartkowski five times for minus 43 yards, thinks that Dallas also has enjoyed a growth season. "The guys who were here last year are a little more mature about where we are," he said. "Last year we had to hold a lot of team meetings where the captains would get up and talk to the guys, calm everybody down and be sure they weren't forgetting what was happening. This year we haven't had to do that. Everybody's doing it for themselves. It's a mature team. We can see it."

"But this is also a strange football team. It's got so much talent it's scary, yet it all depends on how the guys want to play that day. When they hit the field, if they want to play—fine. But if they don't, we can get beat just like anybody else. We're human beings."

PHO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOSS JR.





Joey Dore (left) and Troy LaMure are 12 and 13, respectively, but they're veterans of the five-arpent sprint races at Cajon Downs and Caracero



## SMALL IN THE SADDLE

Starting at age eight, a jockey can get a leg up on a career and make himself a few bucks at the Cajun country bush tracks *by* DEMMIE STATHOPOLOS



*The gang at the left rides at Carencro, which, unlike Cajon Downs, is a track with corners. At 15, Tracey Herbert is already a scarred veteran*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

It is an unseasonably hot, dry Sunday morning at Cajon Downs in Abbeville, La. The horses are on the track for the fourth race, scheduled to go off at 10:30. The crowd, gathered along the rail or perched on the roofs of pickup trucks, looks like something Central Casting sent over to use in a scene for *Tobacco Road*. Beer can tops are popping and bets are being made in two languages, possibly

three. It's hard for an outsider to distinguish between the French patois and the southwestern Louisiana American. Some of the bettors seem to be speaking a lingua franca made up of both dialects.

The jockeys are tough, although many are young—very young. Fifteen-year-old Tracey Herbert, who's been riding for four years, has some mean-looking scars on his chest

*continued*



*The spelling is a little desperate and there are no past performances to help a better, but big money can pass from calloused hand to calloused hand when a not-so-thoroughbred is a winner*



and side, the result of an unfortunate meeting between him and some barbed wire. "I'd just crossed the finish line," he says, "when my horse threw me into the rail." He points toward the far end of the track. "There's barbed wire along the rail down there. After my horse threw me, he fell on top of me. That's how I got these scars." He looks down at his old injuries with indifference. His father, Trainer Leroy Herbert, nods as Tracey recounts the incident and says, "Yeah, the barbed wire's still there, you can't see it from here." That was then. This is now. Tracey gets on a bay named Palomino Joe. "This horse is crazy," he says.

A lot of jockeys who made it to the big time started at tracks like these: Eddie Delhoussier, Eric Guern (who rode Native Dancer), Ray Sibille and Ron Herdes, one of last year's top apprentices, to name a few. Because most of the races at Cajun Downs are short sprints on a straightaway, a jockey has to learn to get out of the gate fast. Everything depends on getting that little extra jump at the start. After that it's just plain old-fashioned hell-for-leather speed. If a rider wants to learn the fine art of racing a horse or jockeying for position, he's going to have to go to a track with corners to it. Fifteen-year-old jockey Kim Frederick intends to do just that.

"I've been riding six years," he says. "I guess I've been in about 1,000 races." The 95-pound kid exudes confidence. "First, I'm going to be Evangelina Downs and get a job as an exercise rider. Then I'm going to be a jockey. I'm going to ride there and at Delta Downs. And then," he pauses dramatically, the gleam of a visionary in his eyes, "I'm going to ride at Aqueduct."

Meanwhile, Frederick, Herbert and the other weanling jockeys (like 13-year-old, 72-pound Troy LeMaire, who has been race riding for two years) continue to risk their necks for glory and 10% of the purses. It costs about \$25 to enter a horse at Cajun Downs. A two-horse race means a purse of \$50, so the winning jock is picking up about \$5 a race, plus "tips." Expansive bettors will often tip a winning jockey a couple of bucks here and there. Kim Frederick says you can make \$20 to \$25 a day in tips. They race on Saturday and Sunday, so if a kid can get on enough winners, he probably can accumulate a tidy net egg.

Things are a bit primitive at Cajun Downs and the other bush tracks. For ex-

ample, anyone wanting to know the entries for a race must consult the blackboard in the ramshackle building that serves as restaurant, information center and pool hall. The board might list a match race between Palomino Joe and Apple Gray at five arpens. An arpen is a French measure of 192 feet. All the races are measured either by arpens or yards. Forget furlongs. Forget past performances, too. There aren't any. You don't see anybody around Cajun Downs handicapping his brains out. The regulars seem to know by some telepathic means just who the favorite is. In fact, you can forget all the rules of racing as practiced at "organized" tracks. There are no patrol films, no stewards, no totalisator board and no timing mechanisms. They don't even have outriders. In what passes for the post parade, the jockeys simply walk their mounts down the track a way and back to lumber them up. It's horse racing at its most primitive: I'll bet my horse can beat your horse.

**A**t Cajun Downs, the six-chute starting gate stands at the head of a half-mile straightaway, and they're having trouble loading Palomino Joe into the chute. He's so fired up one wonders if he's been given a dose of Cajun running juice. This consists of equal parts of corn whiskey and strong black coffee. The locals say this was used as a stimulant in the old days and that it was not unusual to see a horse still being cooled out at 2 a.m. As it turns out, Palomino Joe is positively docile compared to Apple Gray. Although two assistant starters are holding on to him, he still manages to break through the front of the gate. He takes a sharp left turn, crushing through a metal bar, bending it in the process, and takes off up the two-lane dirt road that leads to the "clubhouse." Loose horses are not unusual around Cajun Downs.

While everybody is scrambling to catch Apple Gray, the race starter picks up the bent metal bar and tries unsuccessfully to fit it into its slot. Ten minutes later both horses are back in the gate. The jockeys stand on the side of the chutes, hovering over their mounts like rodeo cowboys getting ready to jump on the back of a bronco. The starter stands behind the gate holding on to a long piece of yellow rope. When he yanks the rope, it releases the linchpins that

hold the doors closed and the race is on.

It's a little crowded in the chutes. One assistant starter holds the horse's bridle. The other straddles the chute, the horse's tail held firmly in both hands. The rope is yanked, the race goes off and Palomino Joe wins by daylight.

A serious bettor can thrive at the bush tracks. He can take in the nine-race card at Cajun Downs (the last race goes off at 1 p.m.), jump in a car and make it over to Carenero Race Way in Carenero, La., 25 miles away, in time to catch the sixth race on the 15-race card. Carenero has the same tumble-down, nailed-together look that Cajun Downs has. But Carenero is a little bigger and a touch more sophisticated. It has a genuine mile oval track as well as a straightaway track. Almost all the races are run on the oval, or at least on one section of it. The longest race on the card one recent day was  $\frac{1}{8}$ ths of a mile. And there are races with as many as six horses in them, which means a jockey can get some serious experience going around corners and fighting for position.

In the pasture that passes for infield, paddock and winner's circle, 12-year-old Joey Dore watches sadly as the jockeys weigh out for the next race. At Carenero, the weighing of the jockeys is done on a standard bathroom scale and, mysteriously, they weigh out before a race, but they don't weigh in afterward. The 70-pound Dore has not been named on any mounts today, despite the fact that his father, Trainer Jimmy Dore, has a horse called Oil Barge in the fourth.

"I've been riding since I was eight," Joey says. "I guess I've ridden around 300 races. I've been thrown about seven times. And I got the wind knocked out of me once in the starting gate, when my horse acted up."

He's hanging around today, hoping someone will ask him to ride. The threat of injury, or worse, doesn't seem to disturb him. If you want to be a race rider, danger has to be the last thing on your mind. "One time, my horse tripped at the finish line," he says. "He fell on me and I was blanked out for at least an hour. They took me to General Hospital, but I don't remember going." He smiles as he recounts this near disaster. "I came to when they were taking X rays of me, and it made me jump. I didn't know where I was. But my daddy, he told me it was O.K., they were just taking X rays."

continued

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### BUSH TRACKS (continued)

The 10th race is a match between Little Man and Ladigo Ray at five arpentis "in the rails." This refers to the straightaway track, which has three rails outside, inside and one running down the middle. This discourages either horse from coming over on the other. It's also the only kind of race that is judged by eye rather than by photo finish.

Mrs. James Domingue stands by the outside rail and looks anxiously at Ladigo Ray as he's fed, prancing and full of himself, toward the starting gate. Her 14-year-old son is named to ride him. She calls out to the man leading the horse "You mean Johnny's got to get on that horse? Tell him I said to hold tight." She turns to a bystander and says, "I don't approve of his riding at all, but what can I do? He loves horses. I just never thought it would be like this. But I can't deny him this. Do you know that he slept in the barn last night? He said he was worried somebody might get to the horse. Now that's love."

The starting gate clangs open and the two horses come barreling down the straightaway. Unless you're standing right at the finish line, there's no telling who the winner is, because the horses kick up enormous balloons of dust as they race by. In this race the judges' decision is instant: three feet for Little Man. Mrs. Domingue calls out to her son, "Good try, baby. Next time you'll get it." Johnny looks stonily ahead, ignoring his mother. "He's so sensitive," she murmurs.

By the time the last race is run, the sun is sliding out of sight behind the old oaks on the far side of the track, giving the place a dreamy, unreal look. It must have looked like this when the first Cajuns settled here back in 1755. Joey Dore sits on a ripped-up old couch outside the "clubhouse" and talks of the future. He never did get a mount, but there's always next weekend. He says his favorite jockey, the one he admires the most, is 16-year-old apprentice Brian Theriot, who's made it to the big time. He rides at Delta and Jefferson Downs. But he still rides the bushes on weekends.

Joey's dreams have not yet reached beyond Louisiana. Like most of the very young jockeys, he thinks mostly of riding at Evangeline. When asked about Steve Caution, a *faraway* look appears in his eyes and he smiles. The dreams of all the young jockeys who want to be race riders are in his voice as he says, simply, "Ahhhh, Stevie."

END



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**CBS RADIO SPORTS NETWORK**

## VOICE IN THE NETWORK WILDERNESS



GOWDY KEEPS PLUGGING, BUT "SPORTSMAN" KEEPS SLIDING

The idea came from Curt Gowdy, a country boy from Wyoming. What ABC's *Wide World of Sports* needed, Gowdy said, was a few outdoors segments to complement the show's menu of auto racing and barrel jumping and acrobatics. Network officials went for the proposal, and before long Gowdy and friends were showing up in fields and streams around the world, lending a certain pastoral touch to the otherwise frantic programs. The hunting and fishing segments grew until, finally, they went off on their own to become *The American Sportsman*.

All that was 15 years ago, and *Sportsman* is still tramping through the woods as the only continuing network show about the outdoors. It is generally rated No. 3 among weekend winter and spring sports series, and it still attracts such heavyweight sponsors as Chrysler and Sears. But Gowdy's original idea is going, going, and will soon be gone. As always seems to happen in television, hype has reared its ugly head.

In an ironic way, the end of *Sportsman* started almost from the beginning. Gowdy's credentials as an outdoorsman are legitimate enough. He is at ease with fishing tackle and guns, and he obviously enjoys nature. In fact, his streamside commentaries have often been considered superior to his work from stadium broadcasting booths. But network officials wanted more than just Gowdy and the Great Outdoors, and hardly had the show got started when they introduced the celebrity-par-

ticipation gimmick. The late Bing Crosby appeared on *Sportsman* so often that viewers sometimes thought he was the host instead of Gowdy. Some other celebrities were clearly out of their element in fishing boats or the backwoods, but the network wanted them, and they wanted network exposure.

As the hype grew, *Sportsman* began to diminish. The show was often shortened because of other ABC sports specials, such as Howard Cosell's *Sports Magazine*.

When ABC added Sunday boxing shows not long ago, *Sportsman* was ousted from its customary Sunday afternoon slot in the first three months of the year—when its ratings are traditionally highest—and dropped into the second quarter, April, May and June, when the audience of sportsmen was more likely to be outdoors than watching television. On one occasion, the opening *Sportsman* show of the year coincided with the opening day of trout season.

"I was out in San Francisco with the American League of Anglers, and I'll bet 50 people asked me when the show would be on," says Gowdy. "And frankly, I told them I didn't know. It's preempted so much, it's hard to keep track." (For the record, in 1979 the show is tentatively set for nine 60-minute slots—four in the first quarter and five in the second.)

As if all that were not troubling enough, other factors have been working against the show. To a significant percentage of viewers, hunting is no longer acceptable TV fare; the estimated 30 million hunters who might watch the show are counterbalanced by 30 million folks who protest every time a shotgun goes off. *Sportsman* aired only one hunting segment last season, on bird shooting—and even that stirred a strong negative reaction.

The network telecast bird shooting because it suspects that the slaughter of small creatures doesn't upset the public as much as the

killing of large ones. That goes for fishing as well. "We will do fishing, but people don't want to see the big ones boated anymore," says John Wilcox, *Sportsman*'s producer. "A lot of fishermen are releasing their catches now, and we'll make a big point about that."

The fact remains, however, that if you take away a man fighting a giant marlin, you don't have much left in the way of action for the average guy who is accustomed to watching *Too Mean Martin* bounce quarterbacks off the AstroTurf. Ernest Hemingway created a book out of an old fisherman's existential dilemma, but existential dilemmas don't play in Peoria, so much of the man-against-nature excitement will be gone forever from *Sportsman*.

Thus, the thrust of the show in the future will be resolutely aural. Rod and reel and canoe and backpack are fine, but only as props for the stars. The promotional copy for this year confirms it: "Top celebrities abound as *The American Sportsman* enters its 15th season on ABC." Here are some highlights:

- "Country singer Tanya Tucker and author Tom McGuane mount up in Wyoming to ride in a wild-horse roundup." Yuck.
- "Bantlestar Gaberica's Richard Hatch travels to Norway to ride the tall ships." Bully.
- "Model Margaux Hemingway and her father Jack venture deep into South America's rain forest on the Amazon River." Well, do be careful.

And finally,
 

- "Model Cheryl Tags along with Peter Beased photograph the big five of Africa on foot, encountering bull elephants at distances of less than five yards." Cheryl? Bull elephants? Say it ain't so.

Included in the "other segments" portion of the release are two fishing shows and one on hunting. The last features another celebrity, Tom Sawyer, trying to pick off pheasants in Ireland. And at the bottom of the release is a single sentence: "Sports commentator Curt Gowdy returns as host for the 15th consecutive year of outdoor adventure on *The American Sportsman*."

Outdoor adventure, indeed. "I think you need some of those Hollywood people for the ratings and promotion," says Gowdy, "but I'll tell you something—hunting and fishing made this show."

True enough, but more and more Gowdy is a lone voice in the network wilderness. **END**





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## The Devils wound up doubly blue

*The Holiday Festival figured to be a blast for Duke. Instead the No. 1 team was bashed twice as Rutgers got to revel*

Ah, late December in New York. Yuletide decorations brightening a stroll along Fifth Avenue. Throngs of happy visitors picking Radio City Music Hall for the Christmas show. The excitement of the Holiday Festival at Madison Square Garden, the granddaddy of Christmas basketball tournaments. It's hard to imagine a scene better suited for revelry, and 3,000 fans from Duke were there last week to enjoy it, to wander through Tiffany's and Saks, to take in the shows and, almost incidentally, to see the Blue Devils, 6-0 for the season and ranked No. 1, rip up what looked like a pushover field.

Well, the folks from Durham, N.C. saw the shows and shops and bought their souvenirs, but they also got something none of them figured on—a huge pre-New Year's hangover. Their beloved Dukies not only lost but did so agnominiuously, twice blowing immense second-half leads to finish last and leaving Ohio State and Rutgers to fight it out through three overtimes in the championship game.

In the finale, it looked for a long while as though neither team would ever win the title. Rutgers had a chance in regulation time, but Tom Brown was called for an offensive foul as he drove in for what would have been the clinching fast-break layup. Ohio State led by four with 18 seconds remaining in the first overtime, but the Scarlet Knights' Doryl Strickland made two free throws and

Abdel Anderson stole the ensuing inbounds pass and scored a crumple to tie the score again. In the second overtime period, Ohio State had an opportunity to break a 90-90 deadlock with 33 seconds to go, but Mike Cline slipped on a wet spot while driving down the lane and was called for traveling.

That left it for Jammin' James Bailey of Rutgers to win the Festival with his specialty—a vicious, backboard-convulsing slam—in the 55th minute of play. It gave the Scarlet Knights a 97-96 victory and the championship trophy.

All of which was a fitting conclusion to a tournament that turned out just the way no one expected it would. All four coaches, including Duke's Bill Foster, had picked the Blue Devils to win. Considering the pre-tournament records—St. John's was 6-3, with losses to the likes of Columbia; Ohio State was 4-3, including defeats by Toledo and Butler, Rutgers was 4-3, having fallen to Lafayette and St. Peter's—and the pairings that guaranteed one of the two local schools, Rutgers or St. John's, a spot in the finale, the logical order of finish would have been Duke, St. John's, Ohio State and Rutgers. Which is exactly the reverse of what happened, and which explains why Christmas tournaments can be so much fun.

Unless, of course, you're the poor sucker who loses twice as Duke did, somehow managing to squander a 17-point advantage against Ohio State and a 19-point bulge in Saturday night's 69-66 loss to St. John's.

"It's a toss-up what I should do to myself," said the Blue Devil Kenny Dennard, who scored two points in two nights. "Either I shave my head or jump in the Hudson."



*After slipping Duke with 26, Ramsey slipped a teammate with five*

While Dennard was pondering his fate, Kelvin Ramsey of Ohio State and Bailey were engaged in a wild shootout in the championship game. Ramsey, a 6'1" backcourtman, had been the Blue Devils' undoing. He scored 26 points against them, including a jumper from the vicinity of Times Square that sent Friday night's opening-round game into overtime at 76-76.

"I'll be honest with you," said Ramsey after he had salted away the biggest upset of the season with a couple of free throws and an impromptu victory dance on the court. "We were intimidated by Duke at first. After all, weren't they No. 1? But in the second half they didn't look like they believed it themselves."

Bailey also had 26 points in Rutgers' 72-61 semifinal win, despite the fact that St. John's threw up a five-man zone around the foul line and seldom guarded anybody but him. "When I saw all those guys surrounding me at the beginning of the game I said to myself, 'Here we go again,'" said Bailey, whose supporting cast is decidedly thinner than in

*continued*

his freshman year when the Scarlet Knights won 31 straight games and made it to the Final Four of the NCAAAs. Since then, Bailey has gotten better and better, as evidenced by the fact that last year he had a staggering total of 116 dunks—25 more than Louisville's entire team, which calls itself the Doctors of Dunk.

Bailey threw three dunks against Ohio State, the last of which proved to be the game-winner. He also chipped in with a key basket that tied the game at 90-90 and sent it into the third overtime. In all, he scored 31 points, but the best he could do was share the Most Valuable Player award with Ramsey, who finished with 38 points.

The Festival was supposed to be a coming-out party for Duke. The Blue Devils had been No. 1 in most people's minds since they finished second in last year's NCAA tournament, but five of their first six games had been played in North Carolina and the sixth in Bowling Green, Ky. The players were anxious to show what they could do in Madison Square Garden. What's more, with the Duke stars, Forward Gene Banks, Guard Jim Spanakel and Center Mike Gminski, all hailing from the Northeast, Friday's crowd of 18,589 sounded as if it were equal parts Philadelphia, Jersey City and Connecticut.

Ohio State, on the other hand, arrived from Columbus nearly without support. At tip-off time more than 10,000 Buckeye fans were down in Jacksonville, Fla., awaiting the kickoff of the Gator Bowl game featuring Ohio State and Woody Hayes against Clemson. But if the Buckeye basketball players were discouraged by their lack of backing, they kept it a secret from Duke. And now, in beating the Blue Devils, they have exposed several weaknesses that could prevent Duke from even being a contender for the national title.

For one thing, an inability to blow out an opponent when it is already reeling has plagued Duke since last year. The reason may be that the Devils' zone gives the opponents too many good shots. And Duke doesn't play man-to-man very well. This may prevent the team from raising the level of its game when it gets behind or needs to protect a lead.

Of perhaps even greater concern to Foster were the performances of Gminski and Banks. Gminski was up to snuff statistically, getting 48 points and 16 rebounds in the two games, yet when he

needed to stop Ohio State's 6' 11" sophomore Herb Williams from scoring late in the game, he failed. Gminski allowed Williams to set up as low as he wanted, never fronted him and didn't go very far out of his way to contest Williams' pet 10-foot hook shot.

More disturbing to Foster than Gminski's lack of combativeness was Banks' weekend walkabout. The touted sophomore shot seven for 26 from the field and played much as he had in his first games as a freshman—a little too bodacious on offense, a little too macho on the boards. Against Ohio State he was guilty of two unpardonable sins. Dribbling near midcourt late in the game, Banks turned and gazed nonchalantly at the Duke bench to see if he was doing what he was supposed to be doing. Good-by ball, hello stuff shot. The Buckeyes' Carter Scott came around Banks' blind side for a steal and a basket that cut the Duke lead to 69-65. Then at 75-70 and the Blue Devils' No. 1 ranking still looking fairly safe with only 1:51 on the clock, Banks exploded out of Duke's semistall offense and took a 10-footer that didn't drop. "I don't know what happened to us," said Foster, whose team might have been able to retain its No. 1 ranking—in light of No. 2 Notre Dame's loss Saturday to Kentucky—if it had won the consolation game against St. John's. But again the Blue Devils foundered. With 48:33 to go in the second half, they led 42-23; with 9:27 to play, St. John's had gone ahead, largely because of the shooting and board work of a 6' 5" sophomore substitute with two sore knees, Frank Gilroy, whose 20 points and eight rebounds were both career highs. As it had against Ohio State, Duke seemed to lose its enthusiasm for the battle once it got way ahead. And, as it had against Ohio State, the Blue Devils' inability to play man-to-man or pressing defense effectively made it all but impossible for them to regain the lead once they had fallen behind.

For his part, Rutgers Coach Tom Young appeared more relieved than ecstatic. "I thought we had won and lost the championship game three different times down the stretch," he said. "This isn't my biggest win at Rutgers, but maybe we'll have a better feeling now about ourselves than if we'd lost."

And if he has any doubts, all Young has to do is ask somebody from Durham. Anybody.

## THE WEEK

(Dec. 25-31)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**MIDEAST** In a week crammed with shockers, it was almost an upset when a favorite did win. Altogether, half of what might well have been regarded as the nation's top 30 teams were losers. Ranking right behind Duke's Double Downfall was Notre Dame's setback by Kentucky in Louisville's Freedom Hall. The previously unbeaten Irish seemed on their way to victory when, with 10:20 to play and the Irish up 61-49, the Wildcats began clawing back. Having been unsuccessful at coping with Notre Dame's inside strength, Kentucky Coach Joe Hall decided to counter with speed by putting 6' 3" freshman Dwight Anderson in the high post. Anderson brought Kentucky to within eight points by sinking two free throws and a layup. Shortly thereafter an Anderson jumper cut the Irish lead to 70-68. Another Wildcat freshman, Clarence Tilman, tipped in a shot, and Anderson sank two free throws, stole a pass and turned it into a dunk. Presto, Kentucky led 74-70. Anderson scored all 17 of his points in the second half as Kentucky won 81-76, and for the second time in three years a defeat in this holiday game prevented the Irish from becoming No. 1.

Louisiana State kept rolling, walloping Colgate 100-73 as Al Green scored 28 points, DeWayne Scales 22 and Jordy Hulthberg 20. But Dayton barely avoided being rolled by Xavier. The Musketeers, trailing 67-66, due to the ball for two minutes to set up a last shot but botched the play after Tim Chadwell got into position to shoot with six seconds left.

"Maybe the haircut did it," said Gary Garland, who scored 30 points and led DePaul to an 88-70 conquest of Creighton after getting his locks shorn for the first time in a year and a half.

"We've got our trophies, now give us back our sneaks," yelled Rhode Island's players after beating Detroit 69-67 for the Motor City Tournament title. The Rams, whose locker room had been rifled during the tournament, got 36 points from MVP Sly Williams in the showdown game. En route to the finals, Rhode Island beat Denver 76-65, and Detroit trounced New Hampshire 108-70. Minnesota had an even narrower victory, taking the Pillsbury Classic 57-56 from Georgia Tech when 6' 11" Kevin McHale blocked a shot with five seconds remaining. McHale, the MVP, also had 42 points in two games—the Gophers defeated Houston 80-67 in the first round—and grabbed 31 rebounds.

1. LOUISIANA STATE (8-0)

2. MICH. ST. (7-1) 3. NOTRE DAME (8-1)

continued

# Let the games begin!



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**MIDWEST** Kansas fans are already comparing Darnell Valentine to former Jayhawk backcourt star Jo Jo White. Thus, when Boston Celtic President Red Auerbach showed up in Kansas City for the Big Eight holiday tournament, it was inevitable that he be asked to give his evaluation of the two. "Valentine is quicker and more a penetrator than Jo Jo," Auerbach said after watching the sophomore pop in 45 points during an opening-round 75-55 victory over Iowa State and in 85-75 second-round defeat of Oklahoma. "I'm not saying he's better than Jo Jo, but he's a heck of a player." Valentine was good enough to be named MVP, finishing with 65 points, 23 assists and 20 rebounds. But the Jayhawks needed more than Valentine in the finale against Colorado, which came to Kansas City with an 8-1 record. Mac Stalcup came off the bench to sink all four of his shots in the late going as the Jayhawks won 72-66.

By using a 2-3 zone that clogged up the middle, Mississippi State forced Louisville to wing its passes into the corners during the wrap-up of the Holiday Classic in Freedom Hall. Anticipating that response to their tactics, the Bulldogs came up with numerous steals at one end of the court and with layups at the other. The unbeaten Bulldogs won 80-73 as Ray White scored 24 points and brought down 12 rebounds. In the first-round games, Mississippi State beat Oral Roberts 91-69, and Louisville beat Wisconsin 70-53.

Larry Bird had 15 rebounds, six assists, three blocked shots and two steals as Indiana State socked it to Morris Harvey 99-63. Oh, yes, Bird also had 34 points—he is averaging 33.6—to become the most prolific scorer in Syracuse history with a total of 2,177 points.

Texas Tech pulled off the biggest surprise at the Sun Bowl in El Paso, defeating Michigan 87-85. Tech wasn't stunning in the championship game, however, which Clemson won 58-57. Michigan got third place with a 60-54 triumph over Texas-El Paso, which had lost to Clemson 68-57.

Arkansas and Virginia Tech remained undefeated, the Razorbacks dumping Memphis State 82-69, the Gobblers stopping James Madison 77-60.

1. TEXAS A&M (11-2)

2. INDIANA STATE (9-0) 3. ARKANSAS (7-0)

**EAST** Tournament MVPs are usually well-established players. Occasionally, however, an Al Wood comes along. Wood, a sophomore forward who hadn't even been starting for North Carolina, got a chance to do so against Dartmouth in the first round of the Rochester (N.Y.) Classic. Wood began like anything but an MVP, missing his first four shots. But from then on, there was no knock on this Wood, who wound up with 20 points in the Tar Heels' 86-67 victory and tossed in another 32 during a 121-69

rouse over Niagara in the title game.

Maryland won two tournaments, its men winning their at-home Invitational and its women the Orange Bowl Classic. The Terps labored to take their own tournament, beating St. Joseph's (Pa.) 62-56 in overtime and then holding off Southern Cal 83-79. All six teams in the Orange Bowl Classic were ranked in the top 20. Maryland was spurred on by Kris (Cookie Monster) Kirchner, who found the Classic as enjoyable as a stroll down Sesame Street. Kirchner had 26 points in Maryland's 85-79 defeat of Tennessee in its first game. Then, in a rematch of last season's national championship finalists, Maryland ended UCLA's 28-game winning streak 71-56 as Kirchner had 18 points and 14 rebounds and Maryland had the title.

Iowa won a tournament staged in its tiny gym in New Rochelle, N.Y. Jeff Rubad flicking in 37 points in the Gaels whipped Northeastern 103-88 and canning 22 more as they beat St. Mary's (Calif.) 84-74.

Boo Bowers set a Tangerine Bowl record by scoring 60 points in American University edged Stetson 98-94 in double overtime and Central Florida 85-83 in one extra period.

Jacksonville upset Pitt 74-72 and Florida 60-59 to take the Gator Bowl tournament; the Venetian Classic was won by Texas A&M, which beat Air Force 73-66 and Vermont 104-76, and Alabama took the Sugar Bowl title by edging Bradley 66-64 and Virginia 71-69.

In nontournament games, Georgetown drubbed Southern University 97-58, and North Carolina State stung Penn State 89-58.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (8-1)

2. TEMPLE (9-0) 3. GEORGETOWN (9-1)

**WEST** The night before he played against UCLA, Stanford's Jeff Ryan "had a dream we would win by one point." With 1:29 left and the Cardinals trailing the visiting Bruins 72-70, Orlando Ward halved that deficit by sinking a foul shot. Ward missed his next free throw, but Stanford controlled the rebound and stalled until Ryan put in a layup with two seconds to go. That moved the Cardinals in front by the one point Ryan had dreamed about, but they didn't win by that margin. Ryan, fouled on his layup, purposely missed his free throw so the clock would run out and deny UCLA the time needed to get the ball downcourt. Ward rebounded Ryan's miss and dunked a shot at the buzzer, and Stanford was a 75-72 victor.

Then, at the Cabrillo Classic, Stanford beat host San Diego State 85-84 in the first round as Ryan tapped in the decisive basket with five seconds left. After winning on opening night was Iowa, which needed two overtimes and 33-for-37 foul shooting to hand Penn its first loss, 87-84. With William Mayfield tossing in 22 points and grabbing 11 rebounds, the Hawkeyes took the championship game

from Stanford 83-68, which finally ran out of spectacular finishes.

"If we were in Idaho, we'd be ranked," said Temple Coach Don Casey, who apparently feels pellets are prejudiced against Philadelphia teams. His Owls, who left Philly 7-0 and unranked, decked Baylor 81-70 in the opener of the Las Vegas Holiday Classic and then stunned Nevada-Las Vegas 89-79 for the title. Although ahead only 34-31 at halftime of the finale and having four players with three fouls apiece, the Owls kept the Rebels from working the ball inside by using a posy 2-3 zone. That got Temple plenty of respect. Said Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian, "They are the fastest team I've seen since I've been here. They taught us lessons in every phase of the game."

One tournament that turned out as expected was the Far West Classic in Portland, Ore. where MVP Ervin Johnson led Michigan State to the championship. "When you see men slapping hands, hugging [congratulate] Greg Kelsey, whatever, I'm just getting our emotions going," Johnson pointed out. "If I'm

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**WOLFE PERRY:** The 6'2" senior guard had 34 points as Stanford shocked UCLA 75-72, then was chosen MVP of the Cabrillo Classic. In three games Perry had 78 points, 16 rebounds, 10 steals and nine assists.

dull, we're dull." Johnson was anything but dull, picking up 45 points and 24 assists in three games. Washington State, which like Temple began the week 7-0 and unranked, was clobbered 98-52 by the Spartans in the first round. Michigan State next outrebounded Oregon State 63-23 while winning 65-57 and finally breezed past Indiana 74-57 in the title game.

In Anchorage, Illinois fanned its record to 12-0 as it took the Glacier Classic by beating Western Michigan 64-79, College of the Ozarks 88-82 and Alaska-Anchorage 98-90. In Honolulu, the nation's longest losing streak ended at 29 when Hawaii beat Fordham 63-61 at the first round of the Rainbow Classic. Purdue won the tournament, toppling Utah 77-62 in the finale.

Senior Bill Cartwright became San Francisco's all-time leading scorer, raising his career total to 1,722 points with a 24-point effort that helped defeat Texas 69-48. In addition to making 11 of 13 field-goal tries, Cartwright had 16 rebounds.

UCLA regrouped after its loss to Stanford and wiped out California 95-67; undefeated Long Beach State trimmed Loyola (Ill.) 84-73; and Nevada-Reno stopped San Jose State 75-57 and California 66-61.

1. LONG BEACH STATE (9-0)

2. UCLA (7-2) 3. NEVADA-RENO (9-1)



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## The Juniors sure ain't child's play

*As usual, hardly any holds were barred in the bizarre Orange Bowl tournament*

The Orange Bowl World Junior Tennis Championships is not only the quintessential international juniors tournament, but it also is the best amateur tournament you will ever see for free. Since 1966 these players have won either the boys' or the girls' 18-and-under division: Manuel Orantes, Peaches Bartkowicz, Mike Estep, Chris Evert, Dick Stockton, Harold Solomon, Corrado Barazzutti, Bjorn Borg, Billy Martin and, last year, Ivan Lendl. Ivan who? Just wait.

*Gabriel Urpi displayed his lethal forehand*



People asked the same question when John McEnroe won two years ago.

But equally impressive is the caliber of people who have not won on the clay of Miami Beach's Flamingo Park: John Newcombe, Arthur Ashe, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, Guillermo Vilas, Brian Gottfried, Eddie Dibbs, Stan Smith and Bob Lutz.

The tournament has two divisions for boys and girls, 16s and 18s, and last month involved 320 kids from 41 countries playing at two different sites in Miami. It always takes place the week before Christmas, when the earth moves into a new season. Indeed, in a way the Orange Bowl is the sun of the junior tennis world, promising bright days or dictating dark nights. No matter how good you are, it is a tournament far easier to lose than to win.

The frustrations of the waiting game on clay are immense, and added to these are a host of improbable, bizarre and at times downright comical aggravations, which give the Orange Bowl its special stamp. One year the fathers of Harold Solomon and Dick Stockton got into a fistfight. Belligerent fans question calls. Coaches yell in foreign languages. The indigent elderly of the South Beach forage among the competitors' tuna-fish sandwiches, trying to cadge a free meal. Jet planes scream overhead.

No wonder that 18-year-old Claudio Panatta, the younger brother of pro Adriano Panatta and the sweetheart of the sidelines, couldn't take it anymore. In the fourth round the handsome Italian found himself standing in a swirling wind against a wild opponent, Fritz Buehning, 18, of Short Hills, N.J., who already twice had stopped play, demanding, among other things: an umpire, banishment of spectators, a cessation of the control-tower chatter emanating from the loudspeaker system at the registration desk, ball boys, water and, most important, an end to the stream of players and fans walking behind the court, "causing," said Fritz, "me to go loony." In the face of all this, Claudio finally lost his concentration and the match. At one point he became so enraged he crushed his

racket on the court, splintering it into a grotesque shape. It lay there like a bleached skeleton, a symbol of the frustration of the Orange Bowl.

Buehning explained his victory by saying, "His mind snapped. He's kind of a sick person. Considering that, I would have been crazy not to do what I did."

Trying to keep from going bonkers is the name of the game at the Orange Bowl tournament. The courts at Flamingo Park are lined up side by side in three rows, so that if you're not stepping on a ball from another court, you're stepping on another player. Umpires are at a premium, and those that do call selected matches seem to have been dragged off a Collins Avenue chase lounge. Their average age is about 70, and they wear sunglasses and sit hunched and shrunken in their chairs, calling out the scores in raspy croaks and frequently changing their minds when players or fans dispute their calls. At one point, during an interminable girls' match, a player complained she couldn't hear the umpire. "Get a hearing aid," he screeched back.

This is also one of few tournaments where there are no linesmen except in the finals, and a player will practice in a bathing suit, as one entrant did, or four doubles players will warm up without shirts, causing the tournament director, Donald Petrunt, to wail.

The event was founded in 1946 by Eddie Herr, who is now 71. He haunts the registration desk, where he is identifiable by his sunglasses, straw hat and dark coat as much as by his bellicose manner. When speaking, Herr is fond of sticking a finger in your chest. He is one of the original Sunshine Boys. One day he was arguing with Gabriel Urpi, the Spaniard who was on his way to winning the boys' 18s. Urpi has a neutron forehand, a shot that leaves the net standing but kills opponents. Onlookers compared it with Borg's lethal top-spin forehand. Herr was arguing that Gabriel hit perilously hard. Gabriel just smiled. The old generally are afraid of chances. The young almost never can take enough.

Junior is a euphemism anyway, like calling a jungle killer a mercenary. You

think of a junior as infantile, often frail, someone to be nursed and coddled. A junior in tennis is anyone 18 years or younger. They rip into shots, don't know fear, play tournaments all over the world and are trained to be as reliable as solid-state circuitry. Blaine Willenborg, of Miami Shores, who lost to Urpi in the quarterfinals, remembers when he and his father hit the ball back and forth over the net 672 times just before Blaine's ninth birthday. His father was the one who missed.

The juniors are so well organized that Pepsi-Cola gives the contestants computer points toward world Grand Prix standings. Equipment manufacturers hand out a cornucopia of goods: even 12-year-olds get free rackets. Tennis federations sponsor travel expenses, and tournament promoters ladle out airplane tickets and provide lodging. Says Tim Mayotte, the top-ranked American junior, "Sometimes you feel just like a piece of meat."

In some respects, juniors are at the top of their games. There are no wraps on their knees or elbows. Their reflexes and eyes never fade. All they need is the leavening of experience, another couple of years on the forge.

Andrea Jaeger of Lincolnshire, Ill., who is 13, won the girls' 18s at the Orange Bowl, the youngest ever to do so. She is an 80-pound moppet who is as mentally tough as any pro. Man or woman. She lost one set during the tournament, and she lost it 6-0, on center court during the semifinals against Bettina Bunge, daughter of Swiss parents, who now lives in Coral Gables and who at 15 has every shot in tennis. Then Jaeger, this little 13-year-old in pigtails and braces, won the next two sets 6-1, 6-2, and in the final set the moppet turned guerrilla fighter. Bettina called a ball "out," and Jaeger started yelping, "Oh no! Oh no!" And she marched around the net and over to her opponent's side, while the crowd yelled and the umpire leaned perilously out of his chair, calling for quiet and reason. Andrea wasn't going to lose this point. Oh no. She waited and screamed. Her father came out of the stands and waved his arms. When the umpire ruled that the point would be replayed, Andrea didn't like it one bit. "You want," she yelled, marching back to the other side. "The next time one is close, I'm calling it out." But she won the next point, the game and the match. Andrea Jaeger is obstinate and un-

yielding. Against opponents with more polished games, such as Bettina, she keeps lobbing the ball back until they make a mistake. Against lesser opposition such as Rosalyn Fairbank of South Africa, whom she destroyed in the final 6-1, 6-3, she is haughty and disdainful, running her opponent around with her whipping forehand and two-hand backhand.

Andrea already has won eight national titles and gone to the finals of a major 21-and-under event. She wields a \$200 graphite racket and wears out a pair of tennis shoes every two weeks. The best boy in the 12s, Robbie Weiss, plays her frequently but never has won more than two games from her. "He's always asking some other girl to play, just so he can beat a girl," Andrea shrugs.

Needless to say, the other Orange Bowl competitors were not too thrilled about a 13-year-old beating them. Andrea couldn't find a doubles partner and one of those who turned her down was the No. 1 seed, Maria Rothschild, 18, of St. Louis. But the tennis world might as well become accustomed to her. She's going straight to the top.

The status of the Orange Bowl tournament can be judged by the fact that seemingly every college tennis coach in America was there. One even put up a notice advertising a full scholarship for whoever wanted it. The competition to get an invitation to the tournament is fierce. Last year Petrine received a letter from a Japanese coach that read, "Players dream Orange Bowl. Please make dream come true." Actually, players from 42, not 41, countries entered. One gulleful youngster, Steve Mayer, 17, of New York City, who is ranked about 15th in Central Park, listed himself on his entry blank as the top-ranked player in Bulgaria. It worked. His entry was accepted, and Steve wound up paired in the first round against the No. 1 seed, Cassio Motta of Brazil. Mayer breezily told Petrine, "Thanks for putting me against Motta. He looks fat." And to Victor Garvin, his 77-year-old former mentor from Central Park, Steve said, "I'll take the sucker out." Then he strutted onto center court, wearing sunglasses and a Tachini warmup suit, a colorful handkerchief tied debonairly around his neck. He was carrying four rackets. Cassio had only two.

During the warmup, Steve completely whiffed an overhead and volleyed one shot cleanly over the back fence as Cas-

sio stared at him with a look at once quizzical and suspicious. But when they began playing it quickly became apparent that Bulgaria's top entry was not a wolf in designer's clothing. Steve won a total of about five points, losing the match 6-0, 6-0 as the few spectators who had not wandered off, including about 15 players standing in a corner, hooted and jeered him unmercifully.

Still, he refused to lose his dignity. "I had so many games 30-30, but just couldn't win the big points," he said. "Those Europeans are tough on clay."

Someone pointed out Motta was Brazilian. "It's all the same," Steve shrugged.

Gabriel Urpi, meanwhile, romped through the 12s-player field as Borg did in 1972, running around his backhand on every important point. Seeded only fifth, he lost a mere two sets and each time roared back stronger. "Every time he is down, that is when he plays better tennis," said Edison Mandarino, who was in charge of the group of Spanish players. In the final, Gabriel won 10 straight games in one stretch from a disconsolate Schalk van der Merwe, a South African, and triumphed 6-3, 6-1. His Spanish followers then carried him around the court, chanting his name. When they set him down, Gabriel was ready to go on to the next challenge.

END

Andrea Jaeger, 13, was youngest to win the 18s



## Billy, the comeback kid

*Mr. Wonderful one year, a washout the next, 1976 Olympic medalist Billy Koch showed he may be in the groove again as the new cross-country season opened*

Success did not spoil Billy Koch. It merely sidetracked him. In 1976 Koch stunned the skiing world by winning a silver medal in the 30-kilometer cross-country event at the Innsbruck Olympics. This was more than stunning. It was downright historic. No American had ever won any medal in Nordic skiing; indeed, the best U.S. finish at an Olympics had been a 15th at Lake Placid in 1932.

In a sport in which years of experience are considered the prerequisite for success, the 20-year-old Koch became an instant boy wonder. In that Olympic race he had beaten all of the famed racers from Eastern Europe and Scandinavia except for one Russian, Sergei Savelyev. Koch was the toast of the Continent and a hero back home.

It was the back-home that did it. Growing up in the quiet community of Guilford, Vt., had not prepared Koch for stardom. Wherever he went, he was feted and surrounded by admirers and reporters. Clearly, more triumphs were expected of him. Koch had won the medal in spite of chronic asthma, a curse for a man in his sport; the fact that he could race at all was considered an act of courage. But when the year ended, Koch was also suffering a hangover from too much acclaim.

In his first race of the next season, a 15-km. event at Telemark, Wis., in December of 1976, Koch bombed out, finishing a dismal 27th. He decided to quit. He went home to tend his Bill Koch League for young Nordic skiers. He became a family man when his wife Katie bore a daughter. He got an unlisted telephone number.

"I was just fed up," he says. "There was pressure from all directions. Every-

body wanted me to win. Skiing has to be enjoyable or you can't be successful. And after the Olympics, it wasn't enjoyable anymore."

His piece of mind restored, Koch returned to racing last year. "I could still have been doing the banquet circuit," he says, "but I had learned to say no." Fur-

ther obstacles lay in his path. He broke his thumb in training, and during the early part of the season he twice developed bronchitis. At the world championships in Lahti, Finland last February, he placed 15th in the 15-km. and 33rd in the 30.

Still, Koch kept coming on. In three races in Sweden following the championships, he skied stride for stride with the top five finishers in the early going before folding. He figured then that with another year of training his endurance would return.

"Last winter I was just trying to get back into things," Koch says. "I have always been very serious about training. And this year I feel strong again. I know good things are going to happen."

*Charging into sixth in the 15-kilometer, Koch finished behind one world champ but ahead of another*



They have. The U.S. cross-country team has a new coaching staff that believes in low-key leadership. Marty Hall, a formidable taskmaster who had coached the team since 1973, resigned in April, and in June his assistant, Rob Kiesel, a soft-spoken, gentle sort, took over.

"We have a whole new situation," says Koch. "Our training camps this year were conducted in a relaxed atmosphere, which, I think, is a very healthy thing. More attention is given to our individual training methods. I like to design my own program. I seek suggestions, but I don't take orders."

Such fiercely independent attitudes are typical of Nordic competitors. They tend to be older than Alpine racers and less gregarious as a breed. The new U.S. coaching program recognizes the difference. "Racing provides its own pressure," says Kiesel, "so they don't need more pressure from us. We tend to be more mild-mannered in our approach."

Koch and his teammates were in high spirits when the new Nordic World Cup season opened a couple of weeks ago at Telemark. "I am in excellent shape," said Koch, adding that he had stopped taking medicine for his asthma. "It still bothers me at times," he said, "but I don't want to be on drugs, and I won't let myself think that it could affect my performances."

Even before the first race, the word spread that the new Billy Koch was as good as the old: in the team time trials at Telemark, he blew the socks off everybody. "I can enjoy racing again," he said. "I'll consider this a better season no matter how I do."

Koch's optimism was shared by his teammates, including Stan Dunklee of Brattleboro, Vt., who had finished 11th in the 50-km. race at the world championship, and Tim Caldwell of Putney, Vt. Last summer, Koch and Caldwell had even done something frivolous—they had taken ballet lessons. Baler? Well, "I wanted to try it so I could appreciate the art," says Koch, "and I think it does help improve your flexibility, strength and coordination."

The bright prospect on the U.S. women's team was 26-year-old Allison Owen-Spencer of Anchorage. Owen-Spencer, who seems to be all legs, had embarked on a comeback of her own two years ago after dropping out for school and to marry John Spencer, a bush pilot. Like



Allison Owen-Spencer got an anniversary win

Koch, she returned to serious competition last winter. She finished 23rd and 24th respectively in the five- and 10-km. races at Lahti, and in Sweden and Norway, against much the same competition, finished sixth, seventh and 10th twice. "I felt I needed more conditioning," she says, "so I ran more and skied more. I'm more dedicated than ever."

The season opener at Telemark inaugurated the first official Nordic World Cup series, a major step in cross-country racing. This year for the first time, the best of the Nordics will compete at Lahti Alpine racing, with nine races each for men and women at a dozen sites in 11 countries with points being awarded for the top 20 finishers in each race. Russia and East Germany chose not to send teams to Telemark, but there were plenty of other top-notch Europeans on hand: seven Norwegians, six Swedes, three racers each from Finland, France, Italy and West Germany and one Pole. Among the best were Sweden's Sven-Ake Lundback, who won two gold medals at Lahti, and Josef Lusczeck of Poland, upset winner of a gold and bronze, and France's bronze medalist, Jean-Paul Pierrat. It was clear that a good showing against such a field would indicate whether the U.S. is ready to be taken seriously in world-class racing.

In the first event, the women's five-km., Owen-Spencer streaked through a

blizzard to win in 17:14.43, beating Sweden's Marie Johansson by 14 seconds. "First time I ever won an international event," she gasped. "The first time I even came close!" The next day, her third wedding anniversary, she won the 10-km. under sunny skies and on a faster course, again beating Johansson, proving that a lot of dedication can go a long way.

It must be pointed out that Owen-Spencer did enjoy a sort of home-snow advantage, because the toughest steamrollers in the sport, the Soviet and Finnish women who had taken all the top spots at Lahti, had stayed home. When the women's Cup circuit moved to Furtwangen, West Germany last weekend, Owen-Spencer finished seventh in the five-km. against a more formidable field.

At Telemark the men warmed up with a non-World Cup 3x10-km. relay, which the Norwegians, Swedes and West Germans skipped in order to rest for the 15-km. Cup race on the next day. The Finns were figured to win in a breeze. But the Italians won, coming in just ahead of the U.S. trio of Dunklee, Caldwell and Koch, who staged a dandy chase scene with Koch clocking the fastest leg of the day. The Finns finished fourth, behind the French.

"Maybe I skied a bit too hard," said Koch. "I put out everything I had, and it may affect my race tomorrow. But I really wanted to catch the Italian. I can always get pretty excited about catching somebody."

The next day, in the 15-km. race, it appeared that Koch's first relay leg had indeed taken its toll, but he still finished sixth, one minute behind the surprise winner, Ove Aunli, a 22-year-old Norwegian who is only in his second year on the A team. It was Koch's best showing since Innsbruck, and against tougher competition than Owen-Spencer had faced. He was especially cheered by the fact that Lusczeck, the world champion at that distance, had come in only a tick ahead of him in fifth place and that Lundback, the other world champion, finished one spot behind him. Owen-Spencer had collected 26 World Cup points, Koch 15, Dunklee 13 for 8th place, Caldwell nine for 12th and Doug Peterson of Hinovert, N.H. seven for 14th. All considered, it was a creditable start for the season.

"We're catching up," Koch said. "The way we are skiing, I'm sure good things are going to happen." He said it before and he was right the first time. **END**



Loughery reconciles while Forward and Co-Captain Tim Bassett waits to see who will prevail

## The mouth that roars

*No one gets tagged with more technicals than the Nets' Kevin Loughery, whose wild sideline antics are beginning to obscure his considerable talents as a coach*

Sheila Loughery will never forget the first night she watched her husband coach in a professional basketball game. "He was beside himself on the floor," she says. "At home he never gets excited. I said to the children, 'What's going on with your father? I hope he isn't having a heart attack or something.'" That was back in 1973 when Kevin Loughery took over as coach of the Philadelphia

76ers. And since then, with the Nets in both New York and New Jersey, very little has changed. If anything, Loughery has refined his act, which is unfortunate, because his many scrapes with the officials have somewhat obscured his talents as a coach.

Staying glued to a seat during a game seems to be as impossible for Loughery as frowning is for Miss America. No

one coaching today has had more technical fouls called against him or paid more in fines. Some of his players say he is only protecting them. Referees say otherwise.

Actually, Loughery has never paid a penny for his 199 technicals, but his misbehavior has cost his owners more than \$14,500 in six years. This season he leads all NBA coaches with 26 technicals, which now cost \$75 apiece for the first outburst and a total of \$225 for being ejected, which automatically results after a second technical. That happened last Friday night in Piscataway, N.J., where the Nets, who had been inching toward respectability after two dreary seasons, lost their fourth straight, all at home. This loss was to Kansas City 137-126, and before the game was over, Loughery had been ejected. While protesting his banishment he wound up bumping Referee Don Murphy and may be suspended.

Norm Drucker, the NBA's supervisor of officials, who called his share of T's on Loughery when he was an ABA referee, says, "In those days Loughery's outbursts were more isolated. As the years go on, he is reacting this way more and more during the games. What he's doing is unacceptable."

A week before, during a game with Houston, Loughery received a technical after only six minutes of play. "He got it for unsportsmanlike conduct and for badgering, which started from the opening tip," says Referee Paul Mahalak. "Some coaches take as much rope as you give them. It's our job to control the game, and we had to keep Kevin where he should be." On the bench.

Loughery admits that the Nets may lose some games because of his technicals, and there was a time three years ago when he tried to soften his approach. After receiving a record six technicals in one game and a \$1,000 fine (the Nets were then in the American Basketball Association, which permitted unlimited technicals), he experimented with the sedentary approach to coaching. "I did it for a game or two," he says, "then realized it wasn't for me. Not only is it my style to get up and move around, but the

continued

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games started bothering me. I wasn't getting my frustrations out, I can't possibly see how guys can sit there, but that's their nature. My style is definitely not for everyone."

That's a blessing. Loughery yells at officials, jumps out of his seat and runs up and down the sideline, sneering whenever he finds fault with a referee's judgment. Even when he stops yelling, his mouth keeps moving, he chews on a wad of sugarless gum throughout the game. When he leaps, he looks like a Raggedy Andy doll, his floppy shoulder-length hair—it turned gray when he was in his late 20s—and arms and legs going in all directions. Most of the time, he is yelling, "How come we don't get any foul shots?" or, "What about some calls on our end?" When not berating the refs he is calling about 85% of the Nets' plays, both offensively and defensively.

Earlier this season his court-side misbehavior caused Referee Richie Powers to give him three technicals in a game against Philadelphia, a punishment not permitted by NBA rules. The Nets protested the game, which they lost 137-133 in double overtime. Commissioner Larry O'Brien not only upheld the Nets' protest—the game will be replayed from 5:50 in the third quarter, which was when Loughery was hit with his third T—but also suspended Powers for five games without pay.

However, Loughery didn't have the last laugh after all. "I wish that the Philadelphia situation had never happened," he says. "Over the season we've shot 230 fewer foul shots than our opponents, and now I'm getting technicals that I can't believe. I'll get one three minutes into a game but I'll see other coaches out on the court, and they don't get anything. Maybe rightfully so. It's probably my history. But every time I get a technical early in the game we shoot 20 or so fewer foul shots and we lose. My technicals have hurt us this season, and that's why I've tried to cool it. But I seem to get one anyway. It's automatic now."

"Everyone would agree that I'm the hardest coach on the officials. Maybe it's not the referees who are at fault," Loughery added after spending a technical-free night on the bench Saturday in Cleveland where the Nets lost their fifth straight, 104-94. "I'll never be a totally sit-down coach, but if it's going to be stand-up coaching then I'll stay off the of-

ficials. The team shouldn't have to suffer because of my behavior."

In Loughery's first two NBA seasons with the Nets, when their overall record was 46-118, he had 38 fewer wins than technical fouls. And last season, for the third time in his brief career, Loughery was coaching a team with the poorest record in the league. In 1973 he replaced Roy Rubin at Philadelphia after the All-Star break and coached the 76ers to a 5-26 record as the team wound up 9-73, the worst figure in NBA history. Although he went on to win in the ABA, his achievements were belittled by those who thought that any coach could win championships with Julius Erving.

"It might be right that anybody can win with Doc," says Loughery. "The idea, though, is not to lose with Doc." Being the NBA's longest coach has not been easy for Loughery, who won two championships and had a 168-84 record when the Nets were the showcase team of the ABA. Times never seemed as good to Loughery as they did in June of 1976. One month after winning the ABA championship, the Nets joined the NBA, bringing with them the incomparable Dr. J. However, only one day before the team's NBA debut, Roy Boe sold Erving to Philadelphia for \$6 million.

Loughery was left with what amounted to a bunch of oysters but no pearl. He had shown that, with talent, he could win titles, and now that he no longer had the likes of Erving around he was showing that he could win at least a couple of games—22, in fact—with the least respected team in the NBA. After that first full NBA season Loughery signed a \$700,000, five-year contract, while Boe proclaimed that "the most important asset the Nets have is Kevin Loughery."

Loughery, 38, worked to overcome the Nets' weaknesses by stressing defense and convincing his players they should sacrifice in one area to help the team in another. "It's always easier to sell the idea of roles when you're winning," says Loughery. "Then the role-players' pluses are magnified. When you're losing, they always get blamed. Shot-blocking and hustling after loose balls never mean much if the team can't score."

Denver Coach Larry Brown credits Loughery's success so far this season to this approach. "Kevin makes the players aware that he appreciates that they are

sacrificing," says Brown. "That's the real key."

In doing so, Loughery is not exactly preaching what he practiced as an NBA player with Detroit, Baltimore and Philadelphia from 1962 to 1973. Former Net Assistant Coach Rod Thorn says, "I don't know if Kevin would like to have coached himself."

"He's right," says Loughery. "I would have tried to change my style. I couldn't pass and score at the same time, but when I played we were paid to score."

Loughery ended his playing career in Philadelphia on Jan. 25, 1973 when he became the 76ers' coach. "In Philadelphia I learned that instead of trying to make players fit my philosophy, I had to adjust to fit the players," he once said. When Loughery had teams that could run, they ran, but now that he doesn't have that kind of talent, he asks his players to slow the game down, to control its tempo, especially on the road.

"Kevin understands the psychology of a professional player," says Bill Melchionni, a former Net player, assistant coach and general manager. "He accepts that they aren't going to play well every night and he won't hold a grudge against any player as long as he feels that player is working as hard as he can. I've known coaches who buried guys on the bench for bad games."

Loughery had a problem of a different kind recently when the Nets' leading scorer, Bernard King, was arrested for drunken driving, driving without a license and possession of a small amount of cocaine. King had come to the Nets from the University of Tennessee last season, bringing with him a history of arrests and off-court trouble.

"After his latest arrest, I went to see Bernard with the idea that I would chew him out," Loughery says. "But I've never seen anyone look so down and embarrassed by what had happened. I'm not condoning what happened, but there is a time for scolding, and it wasn't then." King has remained in the Nets' starting lineup while the team waits until Jan. 9 for his court hearing before deciding what action, if any, it will take against him.

The King arrest was a time for calm, not hysterics, and Loughery handled a difficult situation well. He has that reputation when his players are involved, but when officials are involved, look out. **END**



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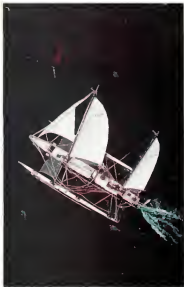
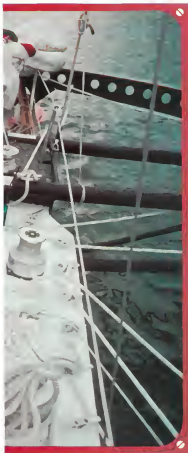
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# A LEGEND LOST



# AT SEA



*He had challenged fate and the ocean many times before as perhaps the greatest of the single-handed sailors, but the latest voyage of Alain Colas may have been his last*

by William Oscar Johnson

Alain Colas is missing at sea. An intensive search has been conducted by planes and ships across a vast wedge of the North Atlantic. His last official radio contact was with a French radio station on the afternoon of Nov. 16, from a location thought to be north and west of the Azores. Colas was barely 35, yet he was already a man whose life contained the stuff of legend. He was one—some say No. 1—of a breed so unique that most folks can only approximate in dreams what he did in real life. He was a single-handed ocean sailor, one of the few who make blue-water voyages alone, relying on the wind for power, their wits for company. And even among these extraordinary few, Colas stood apart, exuding an aura of isolation. There was a hint of the fever of obsession about him, although he tended to keep it under precise control.

No man ever looked more like a sailor than Colas. He had black, curly hair and he affected the thick muttonchop sideburns of a 19th-century mariner. His face was scarred with sun-squint lines and he walked with a limp, the result of a sailing accident. The limp gave him an Ahab-like mystique.

*continued*

*Colas and trimaran Manueva before fateful transatlantic trip*

## COLAS continued

Colas spoke with disdain about life in modern cities, indeed, years ago he had fled Paris for the South Seas. He was married to a beautiful Tahitian who gave him a daughter four years ago and twin sons last summer.

Colas, who had turned 35 on Sept. 16, had traveled 130,000 miles under sail, five times around the planet, when he was lost at sea. For some 50,000 of those miles—close to two years, in total time—he was alone, including two transatlantic races from Plymouth, England to Newport, R.I. Colas won the 1972 race, sailing the 3,000-plus miles in a record 20 days, 13 hours and 15 minutes, which sliced nearly six full days off the previous best time. Colas' *Pen Duick IV* was first among the 55 boats entered that year, and in 1976, the next running of the event, he was third out of 125 starters. On this occasion he was at the helm of the controversial *Club Méditerranée*, the 236-foot four-masted schooner which he designed. It was, and is, the largest sailing ship to be built since before World War I, and he sailed it alone across the Atlantic in one of the worst seasons of storms in memory. In another of his celebrated single-handed voyages, Colas circumnavigated the globe in 168 days, 57 days better than the record set by Sir Francis Chichester in *Gipsy Moth III*.

In early November Colas was off once more; when last seen he was alone again at the helm of the trusty old trimaran *Manureva* he had twice sailed around the world. This time he was heading across the treacherous Atlantic on a race of 4,000-odd miles, starting at Saint-Malo on the north coast of France; his destination was Pointe-à-Pitre on Guadeloupe in the French West Indies.

Although Colas was alone on his boat, he wasn't exactly alone on that stretch of ocean. No fewer than 37 other solitary sailors had left Brittany with him on the morning of Nov. 5 in a new transatlantic race for single-handers called *La Route du Rhum*. The name comes from the course roughly the reverse of the route sailed by clippers and schooners whose holds were loaded with barrels of rum. It is something of an upstart event in that the British have pretty much held the franchise for such races with the *London Observer's* 18-year-old Plymouth-Newport event. The French also trod on yachting tradition by offering money as a reward—\$45,000 for first prize and lesser sums for other places. The winner of the Plymouth-Newport race receives a 12-inch silver plate.

The *Rum Race* is about half again as long as Plymouth-Newport, and while the starting field for the inaugural event was mainly French, it also attracted such world-class sailing loners as Chay Blyth of Great Britain, Michael Birch of Canada and Philip Weld of the U.S. The most optimistic entrants predicted that the winner would complete the race in three weeks. But Colas was more meditative about the course. He thought that the mean and unpredictable weather in the Atlantic in November, plus the tough windward tack into the prevailing westerlies during the first third of the race, would mean no one could reach Guadeloupe in less than 25 days—or not until Nov. 30.

Sailing the ocean alone is a romantic notion. It sounds like simplicity itself, a mere matter of a brave man with a strong

hand on the tiller and a sharp eye on the stars putting canvas to wind. Single-handed ocean sailing has the ring of an ultimate reduction of life's complexities, an escape to personal purity, a consummate human adventure.

Unfortunately, this isn't quite the case. Adventure and romance are there, certainly, but the single-handed sailor is far from being a free child of nature. One may view him as a man who should express himself in poetry, but to whom, in fact, the jargon of modern technology is more suitable. The single-handed ocean racer is almost as much a product of the space age as an astronaut is.



Sure equates with speed, Colas figured—the

A month before the race, Colas was in Brittany, supervising the overhaul of the *Manureva*. The name is Tahitian; it translates into *L'Oiseau du Voyage* in French, *The Bird of Travel* in English. Parts of the boat were scattered about a cluttered machine shop near Saint-Malo. Colas watched intently through a welding mask as a mechanic blazed away at a section of the rudder. Colas said something in French, removed the mask and switched to English. "This has come to be like auto racing," he said, "so technical and so much demand for precision to the last detail. We are very close to airplane techniques in design, shaping the surfaces to put up



236-foot Club Méditerranée was the result

the least resistance. Turn an airplane upside-down and you have a boat, you see?" He looked around at the disarray of the machine shop, then sighed. "The race itself is almost a minor point. It is the preparation that rates first, the attention to each technicality."

He spoke quickly in French to the proprietor of the shop, then limped out into a radiant October morning. He climbed into his car. "Let's go have a look at the old girl," he said. "She and I have been separated for most of a year now."

He creened over stony hills on narrow roads and pulled into a boatyard at the village of Trinité-sur-Mer. There, perched on pilings above the receding tide, sat *Manureva*.

The trimaran looked nothing at all like a bird of travel. Indeed, she resembled nothing quite so much as a great steel water spider, a bizarre contraption painted grayish-blue. Still, she was oddly graceful, an interlocking arrangement of two large pontoons attached to a center hull by struts and booms. She looked to be more cousin to a lunar lander than to the *Pequod*. The two needle-like masts were of a light new alloy. Everything else was made of a stainless-steel alloy that was the best stuff available when the boat was built 10 years ago. *Manureva* was 35 feet wide and almost 70 feet long.

"She's a racing machine," Colas said admiringly. Then he shrugged. "But she is 10 years old now and there are many boats in the race that are bigger and made of all the newest stuff. There'll be bigger boats and younger chaps than I. Perhaps this old girl is already outmoded and gone past her day. But with the right skirt and a little makeup, she will look as fine as the new girls who will be running with her."

Colas went aboard, followed by a worker who furiously took notes as Colas dictated what was still to be done.

*Manureva* was a racing machine, all right, stripped of excess weight and creature comfort. The metal struts were punched with holes to lighten weight. For the skipper, there was a cramped little cockpit filled with stacks of charts and navigational instruments. A plastic dome offered minimal protection from storms. Inside the bare metal of the hull was a narrow cabin containing a galley with a gas heating plate and a bunk mattress flitted into a box to keep the sleeper from being tossed out of bed in heavy seas. One had to bend almost double to move about.

Colas looked into this dark hole with affection. "This was my home for many months, really for years," he said. "I'm as comfortable in there as if it was a snug little house with a hearth and a parlor."

Although the sea and a boat reflected all the warmth of home to Colas, it wasn't too long ago that they were alien to him: few sailors were born with less seawater in their veins. He grew up in the hills of Burgundy, the son of a man whose livelihood was literally made of earth—his father was a potter and a ceramics manufacturer in the village of Clamecy. "He takes a handful of clay and turns it into whatever you might think of," Colas said.

As a boy, the only water sport Colas attempted was kayaking on the local river. He attended the University of Dijon, then the Sorbonne. It was there that restlessness struck.

"I began to crave a more thorough life. I wanted more col-

continued

ors, more sun, more open ways," Colas said. In 1966, he left what he called "the polluted skies of Paris" and flew to Australia to become a lecturer in French at the University of Sydney. It was there, at 22, that he discovered the sea. "My friends were sailors and racing enthusiasts and they took me out in a keel boat one afternoon. It was love at first sight. I went to the library and got every book on sailing that I could carry. I learned a mainmast from a helm and, gradually, I became a good crewman."

In December of 1967, Eric Tabarly came to Australia for the Sydney-Hobart race. Tabarly was a celebrated French sailor, winner of the 1964 Plymouth-Newport race and, although Colas was crewing on another boat, the two men became friends. When the race was over, Colas joined Tabarly's crew and sailed for New Caledonia.

This first cruise was almost Colas' last; they were caught at sea by Hurricane Brenda's 100-mph winds and 35-foot waves. With sails shredded and rigging snarled, the boat barely made the harbor effort. But it was adventure enough to hook Colas on sailing and by 1968 he was back in France on the Breton coast where Tabarly was building a trimaran for that year's Plymouth-Newport race.

Tabarly had become entranced with the idea of a multi-hulled racer, with none but the barest essentials. He figured it could cross the Atlantic in the faintest of winds, yet hold its own to windward in heavy stuff. The result was a prototype that critics said looked like a floating tennis court. In the spring of 1968 there was a rash of strikes throughout France and the boat was barely finished in time for the race. Tabarly named her *Pen Duick IV*, after a black sea swallow of Brittany, and set sail. Barely out of Plymouth Harbor, he collided with a freighter and limped back in for repairs. He took off again and the automatic steering broke down. Tabarly gave it up and went back to France.

Although out of the race, Tabarly nonetheless figured the time was right to cross the Atlantic. Then he would go through the Panama Canal and cruise the Pacific. Colas signed on as crew. They had a good year, putting in at such romantic spots as Tahiti, Hawaii and Samoa, setting a batch of records along the way.

Tabarly was not entirely comfortable with a multihull, however, and he decided to sell *Pen Duick IV*. While in Los Angeles, he scrawled a crude *FOR SALE* sign and stuck it to the mast. There were no bidders. But Colas had come to love the freakish-looking craft and wanted it. To raise the money, he began cruising the Pacific in an old schooner, the *Naragansett*, working as a free-lance journalist and photographer. By 1970 he had made enough money for a down payment, and Tabarly agreed to sell *Pen Duick IV* for \$50,000. Now she belonged to Colas—on credit. He used her as his journalist's workboat. "I roamed the Pacific for stories," he said. "And always I was gaining knowledge of the boat, sailing with fewer people, until I knew that



one day I would go it all alone."

In the fall of 1971, Colas was in Tahiti, gripped with a new obsession: he would sail in the 1972 Transatlantic race. A solo journey home to France, a mere 14,000-mile jaunt, would be just the thing to get him in shape. It was about that time that Colas met a Tahitian named Teura Krause.

"She was very dark and very Tahitian and we were close from

our first meeting," Colas said. "She became my wife, but that is not a good enough word. We are life companions. I had to hurry to make the starting line at Plymouth, but we didn't feel like parting. So we sailed together.

"But she suffered seasickness beyond belief. Also, a pack of 30 or 40 sharks followed us for days, dashing in to snap and attack anytime we made any move near the water. Finally, after a 24-day passage out of Darwin into Maurice-La-Reunion, in the Indian Ocean, Teura flew on ahead and I was left to make my first major single-handed passage."

Teura left him in mid-December and Colas made his last landfall at Mauritius on Dec. 16, 1971. He sailed non-stop past Madagascar, around the Cape of Good Hope, and up the coast of Africa to the north coast of France without ever putting a foot on land. He averaged 125 miles a day and made the trip in 66 days.

At the boatyard in Brittany last fall, as he gazed pensively at the familiar lines of the former *Pen Duick IV*, Colas said, "We have sailed some lovely miles alone, the old girl and I, but I don't go out on the ocean for the sake of being on my own. Solitude isn't what I seek. I must have a sense of purpose behind a solitary sail and that overcomes the solitude. There are loners of the sea, men who wish not to speak to others and who avoid all ports of call because that is the cut of their personality. I felt that old Joshua Slocum, our spiritual father as the first man to do a single-handed circumnavigation, was the one who treasured his aloneness. I don't know that he actually disliked people, but I think the old captain was a born *ride* loner. But for me, a single-handed sail is part of an idea that leads to something other than solitude itself."

Whatever the purpose behind a single-handed sail, solitude is as intrinsic to the game as the sea itself. And as Colas went on to say about his colleagues, "We are a special breed of sport maniacs who derive our pleasure from our own lonely actions instead of performing in a gymnasium or a pool or a stadium. Our sport involves long hardships and strange times, but it makes us very happy."

Whether its main appeal is hardship or happiness, solitary ocean racing as an organized sport is not yet 20 years old. It had its inception in 1960 when five boats left Plymouth bound for New York, 3,000-odd miles away. The largest boat that year was Chichester's *Gipsy Moth III*, at 39 feet considered a possibly unmanageable handball for a man at sea alone. Chichester won the race in 40 days and 13½

hours. Over the years the number of single-handed sailors has increased, the boats have grown longer and lighter and computers are used in navigating and weather forecasting. But while the technology has changed greatly since the days of the clipper ships, human beings have changed hardly at all. At sea alone, they are as susceptible today to strange visitations and hallucinations as they were a century ago.

Slocum, the celebrated 19th-century salt, was the first and perhaps still the greatest of the world's lone circum-navigators. Slocum spent more than three years on a voyage that began on April 24, 1895, when he headed out of Boston in his 35-foot sloop, *Spray*. He sailed 46,000 miles in all, and during much of the trip, Slocum, who was 51 when he started out, indulged in countless hours of conversation with a cheerful, bearded fellow who periodically appeared on *Spray* to help with navigation—a courteous man who introduced himself as the pilot of Columbus' *Pinta*, which had sailed the seas some 400-odd years earlier.

Such hallucinations are not uncommon. During the 1972 Plymouth-Newport race, a medical survey was taken to study the mental, emotional and physical effects of the race on several of the entrants. Through logbooks and interviews, they reported impressions of their lonely journeys. One man recalled that throughout the trip he had heard "the usual high-pitched voices" in his rigging calling "Bill! Bill!" Another said that after 56 continuous hours at the helm, he noticed that his father-in-law had appeared at the top of the mast, where he was quietly sitting. The sailor didn't find this surprising or unusual. Another competitor reported that he was lying on his bunk when he heard a man

at the helm putting the boat onto another tack. When he went on deck to investigate, the man posed him in the passageway coming down. They didn't speak and he didn't recognize the man, but when he checked the bearing, he found that the boat had, indeed, been put about and the course changed. Still another sailor reported that, on his 33rd day at sea alone, he was raising his sails when he noticed a baby elephant in the sea and thought, "My, what a strange place to put a baby elephant." A few minutes later he saw that it wasn't a baby elephant at all but a Ford automobile. Later he realized that in fact it had been a whale.

The single most serious problem is the shortage of sleep. Each sailor handles it in his own way. Some never sleep more than an hour at a time. Others, like Colias, would doze off for three hours at a stretch, with automatic steering vane set to hold course. But with sleep always uncertain, half-world sensations arise. "My mind was completely separated from my body," one sailor reported. "I just used my body to get around the boat."

Then come the terrors of storms, and almost as fear-some, calm. Some of the logbook entries dealt with the suffocating frustration of a perfectly windless sea. One man wrote, "I feel like a prisoner in a well-stocked cell, but with no one around to tell me the date of the termination of my sentence." Another kept logging the word "becalmed," writing it larger and larger each day until, finally, the single word BECALMED covered two full pages.

The changes in mood of men alone at sea are enormous, ranging from highs where they sing and dance hornpipes all alone, to blackest depressions. During the early hours of

continued



After sailing to Tahiti in 1971, Colias met and married Teana. More than a wife, "she is my life's companion," he said.

the 1968 race, one sailor inscribed in his log some noble lines from "The Sea" by Louis MacNeice:

Incorrigible, ruthless,  
It rattled the shingly beach of my  
childhood...

A day later the same man scribbled darkly, "I must be nuts!"

In spite of this, most single-handed sailors say that the sense of isolation is neither frightening nor uncomfortable. One sailor said, "There is an intimate and complex relationship with the natural environment and the creatures that inhabit the sea and the air, so that the lone sailor never feels abandoned or rejected," Colas said last year. "There is no sense of being an infinitesimal, helpless speck in the universe when you are sailing in solitude. This is because you become the center of your own universe, you give birth to your own island, to your own nation when you sail alone. Soon enough, you sail her right out of the ocean and into your own small circle of being. Perhaps that is too existential, but that is the way it comes to seem."

What about fear? "Not a factor," Colas said. "Fear is a result of the unknown. An awareness of danger is not fear. I have many times felt my heart jump into my mouth at the sight of a mighty mountain of the sea hovering over me and my little boat. But I know we will climb up that steep wall and reach the top and slide down unharmed. We know things, so we need not fear. We know this earth is not a disk and that we may not sail to the edge and fall off. We know a storm is not Neptune shaking his trident and aiming his wrath directly at a poor sailor at sea. We know storms are caused by cold air moving in over hot air. What we know, we do not fear—and we know much these days."

Is religion an essential companion to the single-handed sailor? "Ah, well, that may depend," said Colas. "I am deeply Christian; I was raised as a Catholic. But perhaps I have read too much of Ralph Waldo Emerson and the transcendentalists, and perhaps they are too much to my liking. I believe man's fate is in his own hands. It is good to have religion, but I know that God will not be coming down to help me rig a genoa, and thus I get a good hold of the sail by myself. There are times when I might be thankful to see God there with me in the cockpit on a black and tumultuous night, but I know that I cannot count on that. He is not too reliable that way. I think, and therefore I must be perfectly reliable alone."

To Colas, the true exhilaration in the life of a single-handed sailor lay in its stark contrast with the ordinary perceptions that most men come to take for granted. "This kind of sailing is a way of knowing yourself a little better and of enjoying life more intensely," he said. "The risk sharpens you, and being deprived of so many things makes you sensitive to the true wonders of life when you return. You rediscover how wonderful it is to be close to people again. The deprivation of social warmth for so many weeks sharpens the sensations of friendship and of love, and you

have never known before how immensely important people are to you, how warm they are and how necessary."

After the voyage to Brittany, Colas had mastered himself and the eccentricities of *Pen Duick IV* at sea and was well prepared for the shorter trip between Plymouth and Newport. His boat was well known, partly because of Eric Tabarly's former ownership and partly because of the records it had set in the Pacific. But Colas was relatively unknown and he was definitely not the favorite.

The boat to beat was a radically new 128-footer called *Vendredi 13* (Friday the 13th), bankrolled for \$250,000 by French film director Claude Lelouch. It would be skippered by Jean-Yves Turlan, a veteran single-hander. *Vendredi 13* was a three-masted designed to churn steadily through heavy windward seas; Colas' boat, by contrast, was meant to pick up faint breezes and skim the surface.

As the weather worked out, *Pen Duick IV* was the perfect boat. *Vendredi 13* stuck to the sea as if it were glued when winds were light—and a good part of the voyage was made in whispering breezes. Colas finished 12 hours ahead of Turlan. When reporters asked the victor if he had experienced any trouble, Colas shrugged and smiled. "After 66 days, what is another 20?" he said.

Spartan quarters aside, Colas had lived in style at sea. He was well stocked with Camembert, Pont l'Évêque and Livarot cheese, pâté from his home village and tripe à la mode de Caen. "I bring a special Burgundian approach to provisions," he said. "I always cook three meals a day at sea, always. I keep some hardtack stuff to put in the pockets of my oilskins for long hours at the helm, and I have some tinned foods on hand, but I like to travel with fresh things. Cabbage keeps for months, and I bring eggs and onions, which are known as sailor's caviar. I always bring garlic, because how can you cook without garlic? And I bring a few bottles of wine, because how can you cook without wine? Sitting in my little stove, browning nicely my onions and stirring up the fragrances of home with a wooden spoon—these things warm you up in many ways. And even though it may sound indulgent, it is not. I consider myself as a machine, a bit of mechanical equipment, and just as an engine works better on excellent petrol, so does a man."

One form of petrol Colas never used was liquor. "It is too dangerous at sea," he said. "I am always flabbergasted at the amount of weight our English friends sometimes take along in ale and grog. Whoever must enhance his perception of life with this extra stimulant, he has a poor grasp of things." (Colas' attitude toward alcohol is in the minority among single-handed sailors: Sir Francis Chichester rarely left port without a great store of whisky and beer, and a few years ago an Australian dentist may have set quite another kind of transatlantic record by guzzling 23 dozen cans of beer in a 30-day voyage.)

After the 1972 Plymouth-Newport victory, Teura told the press, "Up to now, we haven't had the money to get married—everything has gone into the boat. So we had to win for our marriage, for our future, for everything." And the victory did bring Colas more than a silver plate. He got book contracts and endorsements in France, where single-

*continued*



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handed racing is a surprisingly popular sport. One of his books sold 200,000 copies, the money giving him further freedom to sail as he wished.

What Colas did next was to circumnavigate the world alone in his trimaran (then renamed *Manureva*). He departed Saint-Malo in Brittany in September of 1973, sailed around Africa to Sydney, continued across the Pacific, around Cape Horn and back to Saint-Malo. He believed that any man who could negotiate the treacherous straits at Cape Horn would achieve a special and praiseworthy goal.

"Cape Horn is to sailing as the Eiffel Tower is to Paris," he once wrote. "[It is] the most beautiful page in the history of the sea."

The first leg of the trip, 14,640 nautical miles to Sydney, took him just 79 days, beating all single-handed records. He arrived in Australia on November 27, 1972, laid over for a month, then set out across the Pacific five days after Christmas. His boat carried a collection of books, letters and logbooks by captains and crewmen who had circumnavigated a century before. "I was rubbing minds with the ancient mariners," said Colas. "Their ideas and their words, the mythology they created, were my companions and I was greatly affected by them and their ideas."

One idea that came to be a compulsion during the sec-

ond half of the voyage was an increasingly desperate desire for speed. "I was driving the boat as hard as she could be driven day after day," Colas said, "and soon the complexion of the trip changed. I was obsessed, spurred to sail faster. An idea was growing inside of me, and on the 160th day at sea, it peaked like a child in a mother's belly. I was pregnant with the idea for a new and faster boat."

The round-the-world trip was a success: 30,067 miles in a record 168 days.

Back in France in the spring of 1974, Colas began to design a massive ship that he would sail alone in the 1976 Plymouth-Newport race. He was still thinking speed. "Those ancient mariners knew the secret," he said, "but I knew something was missing on my modern boat. What? It was length. When I rounded Cape Horn, I topped 18 knots in the best conditions, but I wanted a boat that could do more. I wanted to design a boat that could do 29 knots and sustain a steady 20 to 21 knots day after day."

Colas began organizing the project. He made dozens of sales talks to potential sponsors, contacted steel and sail companies, tested model hulls in wind tunnels and water tanks. About \$1 million was needed. He gave lectures to raise money (from \$1,000 to \$1,800 per appearance), wrote more books and sold films made during his voyages. He con-

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vinced a steel company to give him 150 tons of raw iron ore in return for a TV documentary covering the building of the ship. He induced French naval architect Michel Bignon to work with him on the hull design. And ultimately the great ship began to take shape.

She would be a four-master, with masts 105 feet tall. Each of her four masts measured 1,035 square feet, each of her four forecails 2,205 square feet, and there was a 1,071-square-foot spinnaker—a combined sail area of 14,031 square feet. The hull was 236 feet long, longer than a Boeing 747, with a 36-foot beam, a draft of 18 feet and a displacement of 280 tons. Much of her rigging would be so far away from Colas at the helm that he would need TV cameras and computers to monitor the condition of the sails.

Finally, Colas got a major sponsor. The Club Méditerranée, the global resort firm based in Paris, decided to give \$600,000, the cost of the rough hull. Colas would name his grand bateau *Club Méditerranée*.

"They gave more than money," he said. "They gave trust and countless hours of commitment by their best men. They no longer own the boat; she is all mine and I could name her *Alain Colas II* if I wished. But she'll remain *Club Méditerranée*. They did not waver in their faith in me—even after I did that bloody stupid thing on a joy ride."

The accident happened on May 19, 1975, in the tranquil harbor of La Trinité sur Mer. Colas and Teau, some friends and a couple of crew members were returning from a day's sailing aboard *Mamureva*. "It was only an afternoon joy ride, and my concentration was not complete," Colas said. "I did not have my sheath knife at my belt, as I always do at sea, and I only had a small folding knife in my pocket. We were charging through the boats and moorings in the harbor because the mainsail had gotten wedged at the top of the mast and I felt we should slow down. I jumped forward to put down the anchor. The big hook fell over, 100 pounds or more, and I turned on my left foot to return to the helm. Ordinarily I would be watching the anchor line snake out, but this time I did not. My right foot was above the uncoiling line. A loop sprang up and lassoed my foot above the ankle.

"It sawed swiftly through the skin, sliced the muscle, bit through the bone, and by the time I managed to get my knife out of my pocket and the blade opened I could no longer see my foot. Only the naked end of the tibia bone where it had been cut through. The knife cut the running line very briskly, but by then all that was attached to my foot was the Achilles tendon. I fished the foot up by the tendon and I knew enough to press the artery in my knee to slow down the rush of blood.

"The major reaction I had at the moment was one of annoyance. The boat was still moving quickly and I had to give orders. I was annoyed that I could not use my hands to give signals because I had to continue pressing the artery. And there was the severed foot itself to hold against my leg. I had to keep my balance on my one good foot and keep giving orders to bring the boat to a standstill.

"A friend was there who had had medical experience during the war in Algeria. He put on a tourniquet and kept me

from spilling too much more blood. My wife played the part of a siren with her screams and woke up the village. An ambulance came and sped me to a tiny hospital 40 miles away. The surgeon there didn't know what else to do but some as work further up the leg to get it organized for a later fitting of wood perhaps. I wanted none of that.

"Eventually we were able to raise Professor Jean-Vincent Boinval in Nantes, a specialist in orthopedics, along with a colleague in cardiology well acquainted with the lace-work of veins and arteries. We raced to Nantes, which is about 85 miles away, and by the time they put me in the operating room, it had been eight hours since the foot was pulled off. I was extremely fit and they decided to give it a go—to reattach the foot where it belonged."

The operation lasted seven hours and involved an intricate stitching of lengths of vein and arteries from other parts of Colas' body into the leg and severed foot. Over the next seven months, there were 22 more operations involving skin grafts, and further work on the circulatory system. Miraculously, Colas kept his foot. It was almost as numb and stiff as if it were indeed made of wood, but it was alive and well in its own way.

"I have never wanted to be a surgical hero," said Colas. "I'd rather be a sailing hero. But I prefer my own foot to an artificial construction. One gets to like one's own things, you know. And it has also added a rather impressive new weather-forecasting aid to my sailing. The foot is very sensitive to any change in the humidity—I find it as reliable as a barometer in most cases. Sometimes more reliable."

The trauma of the accident was short-lived: Colas' obsession with the building of his new boat took over almost immediately. On the second day after his foot was "spliced back," as he put it, Colas signed a contract to begin construction of the hull. For the next several months, he masterminded all of the initial construction from his hospital bed. "The project literally pulled me out of bed," he said. "One year and one week after the accident, I was making final preparations to start the race in my dream boat."

*Club Méditerranée* had indeed been built and fitted out in the year, and it was an incredible racing machine. But the British race sponsors found it rather an irritation. Bitter arguments arose over the entry of such a behemoth. The British insisted that Colas sail his beast on a 1,500-mile qualifying run instead of the 500 miles required of the other entrants. Colas had no trouble: he finished the 1,500 miles in just over six days.

The sponsors searched for other ways to disqualify him, according to Colas, but their rules put no limits on size, and nothing could be done. (Since then, race rules have been changed and no boat longer than 56 feet is allowed.) The Route du Rhum has no limitation on maximum size, a policy Colas endorsed. "I believe there should never be a limit to the audacity of this sport," he said.

For the 1976 Newport race, Colas wore a special boot to keep more of his weight supported by the knee instead of by the still-weak foot. Although his makeshift circulatory system was beginning to function, it was far from perfect.

"One artery and one vein were back at work," Colas said, "but the vein was not doing its cleansing job very

continued

well, I could hardly jotter more than seven hours out of every 24 in a standing position. The other 17 hours I had to keep the foot in a higher position than the leg to allow it to drain and circulate the blood properly. On board ship during the race, I had to pace my efforts carefully. When I had been standing too long and still had work to do about the boat, I simply had to crawl."

The 1976 race was the roughest ever run. The weather in the Atlantic was savage, with winds and storms battering the entire field. Of the 125 starters, 37 boats retired and five sank; two men were lost. Some sailors reported winds up to 80 knots. Sails were popped off, masts snapped, automatic steering gear fouled. Through these days of tempest, Colas hobbled about his huge vessel, setting sails manually as the regulations required, fighting to make headway and at the same time keep his sails from being blown out.



Looking for Colas and Manureva, planes searched the sea between the Azores and Guadeloupe, Alain's destination

But he, too, fell victim to the terrible weather and was forced to put in at Newfoundland to repair his sails.

It all proved to be part of a bitter experience for Colas. "There was—and is—nothing that can go faster across the ocean under sail than my four-masted old girl. Nothing," he said. "But it was a very hard year on the Atlantic. My adversities were many. Some newsmen were reporting that I was running second to my old friend Eric Tabarly. Unfortunately, I believed that. Actually, it turned out that I was two days ahead of him; had I known that, I wouldn't have stayed so long in Newfoundland."

But Tabarly had finished first in his 73-foot ketch *Pen Duick VI*. He was exhausted after 23 days, 20 hours and 12 minutes on the raging Atlantic, most of it with his self-steering rudder out of whack. *Club Méditerranée* glided into Newport out of a heavy mist in an elapsed time of 24 days, 3 hours and 36 minutes, which included Colas' lay-over time. He was second man in, but he was assessed a 58-hour penalty, dropping him to third. It was claimed that he had illegally taken passengers aboard when he left the boatyard in Newfoundland to return to the racecourse.

The loss of the race was a blow to Colas, but he maintained a proud posture in discussing the outcome. "I have

nothing to prove," he said. "I have my own contentment."

Colas returned to Tahiti in 1976, where he carried paying passengers on joy rides aboard *Club Méditerranée*. But he hadn't retired from racing and when the *Route du Rhum* was announced early in 1978, Colas was one of the first entrants.

"I love to race and I ache when I am too long away from a race," he said. "But don't forget, I must work for my boats. Sailing has been a sport too much for the sons of rich men. There has never been enough professionalism in it. And professionalism is the truest democracy. If there were more money in racing—sponsors and money prizes in the *Rum Race*—then a poor young man could participate in his sport just as the rich do."

As for his hopes, he said shortly before leaving. "My boat and I, we sail at a good pace. And we are good in all weather. I think it will take 25 days to finish, but others say three weeks or only 18 days. Well, good on them if they can do it. When I arrive, if I find some others have made harbor sooner than I, I shall say, 'Bravo to you!' And then I shall continue on and sail my old girl home to Tahiti. It will be the boat's third trip around the world. She has earned a rest and I must spend more time with my family."

"If I am first across the line I will say, 'Bravo, old Manureva, bravo!'—and I shall still set sail with her for home. I will feel that I am a winner either way."

At about 4 p.m. last Nov. 16, the Saint-Lys radio station on the French coast near Bordeaux received a message from Alain Colas. It was quite cheerful and optimistic. He was west of the Azores, proceeding nicely, he said. The operator warned him that his signal was weak and full of interference, suggesting that his battery was failing. That was his last known message.

The night of the 16th, a storm hit the area where Colas had been. Winds rose to more than 50 mph with waves cresting at 25 feet or so. The conditions were bad, but not critically so for a man of Colas' experience. That night, ham radio operators in Lisbon, Portugal, and Ostender, Norway heard a Mayday distress signal and a call for "immediate assistance" from an unknown vessel at sea.

The winner of the *Route du Rhum*, the Canadian Michael Birch, arrived in Guadeloupe on Nov. 29. After 4,000 miles of ocean racing his margin of victory was just 300 yards over Machel Malinovsky of France. Philip Weld of Gloucester, Mass. was third. One by one, the other boats appeared at *Poente-à-Patre*. The last two arrived on Dec. 9. Only Colas was missing.

On Dec. 1, the French Navy dispatched four planes—two to the Azores, two to Guadeloupe—to start a concentrated, 12-hour-a-day search for Manureva and Colas. They crisscrossed some two million kilometers of ocean, flying alternately at 6,000 feet and 1,500 feet. There was no sign of boat or debris.

The search planes were recalled and the French Naval Ministry canceled the search Dec. 28 after covering a five-million-square-kilometer area in 450 hours of flying time. Little hope remains. It now seems likely that the sea has claimed Alain Colas.



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## SPORTSMAN NICKLAUS

Sir

What a perfect choice for Sportsman of the Year, and I emphasize the word sportsman (*Soll Glistening After All These Years*, Dec. 25-Jan. 1). Jack Nicklaus has to be one of the most congenial, considerate and compassionate men in sports.

DON RUBENSTEIN  
Former Tour caddy  
Dallas

Sir

Your selection of Jack Nicklaus as Sportsman of the Year illuminates a critical dimension of that award: recognition of an athlete's character and maturity. Nicklaus' balanced approach to his game and to his life reflects the basic distinction between a sportsman and one who only plays a sport well.

JAMES J. JUNEWICZ  
Eric, Pa.

Sir

I am a 43-year-old mother of six who by no stretch of the imagination would be considered a sports enthusiast, but there are a few men and women out there whom I admire as real sportsmen. Jack Nicklaus tops the list.

MRS. FRED ISAACS  
Brownsburg, Ind.

Sir

A golfer as Sportsman of the Year? Golf is not a sport, and golfers are not athletes.

CLINGTON SUNDBERG  
Studio City, Calif.

Sir

If any golfer deserved the award, it was Nancy Lopez.

DAVE GOODMAN  
Ware, Mass.

Sir

With all due respect to Jack Nicklaus, the year that he had cannot compare with the one Ron Gudyrd, Jim Rice, Dave Parker, Rod Carew, Earl Campbell, Bob Griese, Roger Staubach, Jimmy Connes, Muhammad Ali or Guy Lafleur had. Nicklaus should (or could) be honored as Sportsman of the Decade, or should even be considered for Sportsman of the Century, but not Sportsman of the Year 1978.

JEFFREY WEISS  
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Sir

My vote for '78 is Ron Gudyrd. Yours should have been, too.

STEVE GELLEN  
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir

The real shame is not that Jack Nicklaus

won the award. It is that the most obvious winner in recent years—Bill Rodgers—did not.

STEVEN A. KENDALL  
Wallingford, Conn.

Sir

Can you honestly say that Jack Nicklaus' 1978 golf record is equal to Henry Rono's achievements in track this past year?

MIKE REED  
Woodbury, Tenn.

Sir

What about Mario Andretti?

VINCENT C. BERTOLINI  
Denver

Sir

You will receive a lot of flak about choosing Jack Nicklaus, especially because he played in only 15 PGA Tour events in 1978. That, however, is why I felt compelled to write this letter. There is no one I would rather watch play golf than Nicklaus, so I was disappointed, along with others, at the trimming of his schedule. I was, however, very pleased with his reason for cutting down on his tournament appearances.

In this mobile age when it is next to impossible to gather an entire family together for a meal, let alone for any kind of togetherness, you have chosen a man who realizes that being with his family, watching his children grow up and providing the parental approval all children need is more important than playing golf. I admire Nicklaus' decision and respect him very much for it. I also admire and respect you for your decision.

THE REV. PERRY D. ANDERSON  
Associate Minister  
Monrovia Christian Church  
Monrovia, Ind.

Sir

You couldn't have made a better choice. RICHARD A. MALONEY  
San Diego

## JIMMY THE JOGGER

Sir

A feature article in *SA* on a jogging President? One can only hope this is an indication of things to come. Please, *SA*, get back on the track.

DAVID J. READ  
Wantage, N.Y.

Sir

President Carter's jogging may make him as sound as a dollar, but the use of what appears to be Adidas footwear won't help the U.S. economy. Couldn't he find American-made running shoes?

MICHAEL MCINTYRE  
Bethesda, Md.

## GOODE'S TOTALS

Sir

The results of Bud Goode's computer predictions for the 1978 NFL season (*Big D by Three*, Sept. 4) are now in and show a creditable (37-71) (65.9%) record. (I ignored all predicted ties except the Minnesota-Green Bay game in determining the season's right-wrong mark. I also deleted the Houston-New England game in Week 11 in which both teams were originally listed as winners.) Goode just missed correctly forecasting Pittsburgh's 14-2 record with his 14-1-1 prediction, and his best week was the seventh, when he correctly picked 12 winners. He was most accurate in choosing the winner in Pittsburgh's and Green Bay's games—14 correct in each case. On the other hand, every team he picked to win only one game or less won at least five. Seattle led the way with nine victories, the Jets won eight, the Giants six and Tampa Bay five.

Goode also correctly chose eight of the 10 playoff teams—missing only wild-card entrants Philadelphia and Houston. Now the only major unanswered question is whether the Dallas Super Bowl victory he predicted will materialize.

TOM DEERING  
Olympia, Wash.

## SANTA ANITA'S EXACTAS

Sir

Santa Anita Park is offering exacta wagering on three instead of four races each day during the meeting now under way. Your SCORECARD item (Dec. 11) was in error in stating that all exacta wagering at Santa Anita has been eliminated.

JANE GOLDSSTEIN  
Director of Publicity  
Santa Anita Park  
Arcadia, Calif.

## McENROE

Sir

"So there is America's new tennis hero," says Curry Kirkpatrick at the end of his story on John P. McEnroe Jr. (*Warming Is No Laughing Matter*, Dec. 11). Pure claptrap! Never mind that Junior is a good tennis player. Tell me where it says that to be a good player you also have to be an ingrate or a prima donna.

If Kirkpatrick is looking for authentic heroes he can start with Earl Campbell or Roger Staubach. Not only are they outstanding athletes, but also they are gentlemen.

BERMAN E. (DUFFY) DEFFENBAUGH JR.  
President  
Robert E. Lee Tennis Hackers  
San Antonio



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# shows America how to do it!

Sir:

Jimmy Connors wins consistently (since 1974) and behaves poorly on the court, so your magazine runs an article depicting him as a mama's boy (*Blamed by Women To Conquer Men*, Aug. 28). John McEnroe wins consistently (since September) and behaves poorly on the court, and you depict him as America's new tennis hero. What's going on? The term "hero" is not one to be loosely tossed about. John Havlicek is a sports hero. John McEnroe is not.

WILL FARHA  
Auburn, Texas

Sir:

If I were editing your magazine I would not waste four pages on that trait John McEnroe.

JIM HAGEMETER  
St. Louis

Sir:

Having watched John McEnroe play two consecutive years in the U.S. Open City Court Championships, I would rate his court behavior no worse than a 3 on a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being tops for manners. Ashe and Smith would rate a 4, Hewitt and Nastase a 10. Grinning, yes, petulant expressions, yes, but otherwise I would say that McEnroe has been well behaved.

JAMES E. BENNETT, M.D.  
Indianapolis

Sir:

In his article, Curry Kirkpatrick says that John McEnroe breezed to the NCAA championship last spring. Breeze is hardly the right word. North Carolina State's John Sadin came very close to winning that title, losing 7-6, 7-6, 5-7, 7-6 to McEnroe, with all tie-breakers going 5-3.

What is more, McEnroe had an easy time getting to the finals, defeating easy opponents, while Sadin had to knock off third-seeded Eddie Edwards of Pepperdine, and second-seeded Eliot Teltscher of UCLA.

JAMES B. PUMERANTZ  
Publications Editor  
Department of Athletics  
North Carolina State University  
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

I very much resent Curry Kirkpatrick's reference to my generation. "Isn't he [John McEnroe] from the same terrific generation that ate cocaine for breakfast and gave us punk rock?"

I have never in my life eaten cocaine for breakfast—or for lunch, for that matter—and I regard punk rock with contempt. If Kirkpatrick views these as the only two contributions to society of my generation, then he hasn't looked around lately.

By the way, wasn't it Kirkpatrick's terrific generation that gave us Watergate, Aiken and chewable aspirin?

MARK SULLIVAN  
Edgewood, Ky.



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## 19TH HOLE continued

### GAM HENDERSON'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Sir

Murray Klein gives Rhode Island's Frank Kenney credit for originating the fast break (YESTERDAY, Nov. 27). While Kenney was one of the first to use it and helped to develop his kebab into a running game, he cannot be given credit for having invented this style of play. The originator of the fast break was Carl Henderson of Marshall University.

Henderson began his coaching career just before World War I at Bristol (W. Va.) High School, where he unveiled his fast break and zone defense. Clair Boo, playing for a Gaston (W. Va.) YMCA team in a game against a Bristol team, witnessed Henderson's revolutionary brand of basketball and in the books he wrote gave Henderson credit for originating the fast break and zone defense.

Henderson utilized the fast break and zone defense wherever he coached and had used it for 20 years, mostly at Davis & Elkins College, before coming to Marshall in 1935. While at Marshall, Henderson began such notable coaches as Nat Holman of CCNY (1939-40) and John Wooden of Indiana State (1946-47).

The people of Marshall are proud of their basketball heritage, and most especially of Carl Henderson, a man whose rightful place is among basketball's elite.

RUSSELL PERKINS  
Huntington, W. Va.

■ Basketball historians suggest that while it may be impossible to pinpoint any one coach as the originator of the fast break, several can be credited with having pioneered it in their particular regions, including Henderson and Kenney in the East and Purdue's Ward (Physics) Lambert (1916-17 and 1919-46) in the Midwest.—T.D.

### SEX SYMBOLS

Sir

While we were amused by Frank Deford's article on sex in football (As I See It, Dec. 4), we must disagree with his premise that football players are sexier than basketball players. Apparently he has never seen Maurice Lucas of the Portland Trail Blazers. Don't tell us pro basketball has never produced a sex symbol.

MARLENE TAYLOR  
MARION KAMELICKI  
Vancouver, Wash.

Sir

Your article on sex in football really hit home. When I was in college it was agreed that a football game was the only place you could take a girl, a bottle and a blanket, and no one would blink an eye.

DAVID PALUSSEN  
Columbia, Md.

### NORTHWESTERN WOMEN (CONT.)

Sir

While thumbing through recent 19TH HOLE columns, I was pleased to read about Betty

Robertson Schmitt, a two-time Olympic gold-medal winner and a graduate of Smith western (Nov. 27).

My wife, Annette Rogers Kelly, is also a two-time Olympic gold medalist and a Smith western graduate. She was a member of the winning women's 400-meter relay teams at '32 in Los Angeles and '36 at Berlin. She finished in sixth place in the women's high jump at U.S. In Berlin she placed fifth in the women's 100-meter dash and was tied for sixth in the high jump.

Betty Robertson and my wife are still close friends and both are members of the United States Track & Field Hall of Fame.

PIETRE KELLY  
Niles, Ill.

### BIRDS VS. SQUIRRELS

Sir

We read with enjoyment Jeannette Bruce's VIEWPOINT (Nov. 27) on keeping squirrels out of bird feeders. Had she written to us about her problem, help would have been on the way by the next mail. But then she wouldn't have been able to write her article and many people would have missed it.

We have repeatedly asked salesmen and stores not to say that our Droll Yankees bird feeders are squirrel-proof only squirrel-resistant. We make the following suggestions: place all feeders at least 6' to 8' from any thing a squirrel is able to climb onto; because that is the distance a squirrel can and does jump including from the ground up. We also offer a dome that may be placed over any of our feeders, which our customers have discovered makes many of them squirrel-proof. Here, too, they still have to be hung high and far away from any potential squirrel perches, again including the ground. Using a trap makes it easier for the squirrel to get onto the feeders, and we suggest removing it. It is an optional item anyway. Feeders may also be post-mounted with the same distances in mind.

DOROTHY P. KILHAM  
Droll Yankees Inc.  
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Sir

Jeannette Bruce's humorous treatment of an exasperating problem prompts me to express my sympathy and to pass along my solution.

I finally discouraged one mischievous and determined squirrel with a beating huff in the form of a metal lampshade on a 19" steel post, 2 1/2 and above the ground. The final touch was several cups of wax on the enameled post below the huff. It was amusing to watch the mouse try and try again to overcome the obstacles.

HOWARD CALLOW  
Youngstown, Ohio

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